



# Gateway Literary Issue

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## Gateway Literary Issue

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## Mid-Day Turns To Dusk

When Fathers aged long ago teach  
The kindness of flowery words  
Pastoral melancholies of snow  
You see taken by speechless hands  
Knees of clay  
Tongues of stone

When east winds hiss through bony branches  
Tired of leaves in November  
A feeling from the oppressed soul  
Like celestial flower flows  
White migrant swallows take off  
From boundless airports at the top of the world

When you find yourself sitting and thinking  
Mid-day turns to dusk.

Silvano Zamaro

## Poetry

I, too, through it, lie to others in  
obnoxious grammar  
trite intellectualism  
trivialized emotions  
words as unnatural symbols  
hallowed in sound  
holy to my inalienable right to say  
and not be understood:

Here

in the dim lands of poetry  
an empty abyss

half poet. I  
impale to the cold steel of  
the modern page

the result

Scott Fralick



The Beast (again)

Oh . . . child of a dead dream . . .  
the tearful rivers you have crossed,  
the crystal tunnels you have travelled,  
While I watched and marvelled.

please . . .  
go . . . you can't be,  
any more alive . . . in me,  
your world is not . . . mine,  
or my fate thine,  
your past . . . you and I . . . don't know,  
your selfish love . . . cannot flow,  
you saw the seas die . . .  
and the centuries go by  
you watched the stars in the heaven being born,  
and never cried for the men whose hearts were torn,

and . . .  
still you live  
never . . . never able to give,  
you speak words with so many meanings,  
I sense . . . events with so many feelings,

but . . .  
what really says . . . the beast . . .  
that took my spirit in feast?

Maan Saad

Would you like to dance?  
You said when we met  
outside the toilets  
You coming from;  
Me going to.

Yes  
I said  
(I figured I could hold off  
for a while to have a dance  
with you)

Well, wouldn't luck have it-  
They played three slow  
ones in a row  
And you held me in your arms  
And remarked that  
my body seemed tense  
And asked me  
(you dear good man)  
if I didn't trust you

You asked if you could  
drive me home later  
and said  
It would be nice if we could  
have some tea and chat

Yes  
I said  
(I thought that would be nice  
since we lived in the same house  
and had gone in your car to the dance)  
Then the music ended.  
And I went to the jacks

When I came back to the table  
I was informed that in my absence  
Jimmy had been sick  
(under my chair)  
and Alan had gone off with  
a lovely ring of feathers  
So we had to give Jimmy  
a lift home

We got in your car  
Jimmy in the back  
Poking his head over the seat  
to give the occasional direction  
to his flat  
It's this street here  
He said  
And the headlights caught  
The sign on the wall  
And we laughed

Then when we got home  
to 390 Ton-le-quai  
(which you said was Irish for  
Ass to the Wind, which I believed  
until I looked it up)  
I made some awful tea  
and we talked and laughed  
And I told you a bit about the pain  
that I'd been through  
and said yet for all that  
I was still optimistic  
And you said sweetly  
that if I was at all  
optimistic, I'd be  
over there kissing you

So I wriggled over on the carpet  
and was caught  
in your embrace  
Then, upstairs  
the warm air lightly billowing  
the curtains on your window  
and flipping up the unattached corner  
of that obnoxious poster of Napoleon  
with his other hand on Josephine's  
half-bare breast,  
We talked  
and made love

(Radio Nova trying valiantly  
to cover the squeaking springs,  
and Eamonn's snoring in the next room)  
And talked some more  
and laughed together  
about the name of Jimmy's street:  
Tranquility Grove.

Gay Hollingshead

# DESOLATE STREETS

JOHN CROSS HAS  
AWOKEN FROM A SOUND  
SLEEP AND NOW LIES  
APPREHENSIVE BENEATH  
THE COVERS. OUTSIDE  
THE GATHERING LIGHT IS  
SLOWLY REVEALING THE  
FAMILIAR DISARRAY OF  
HIS ROOM. HE LOOKS AT  
HIS ROOM AND  
ASKS HIMSELF  
“WHAT HAS HAPPENED?”

Desolate streets with  
Rustling gutter leaves  
Whispering loud their secrets.  
No doors slam:  
No footsteps fall.  
The autumn winds  
Howl full voice  
And fear no interruption.

John Cross has awoken from a sound sleep and now lies apprehensive beneath the covers. His electric alarm clock purrs, content in its knowledge that the time is 6:55 am. Save for that sound all is quiet. Outside the gathering light is slowly revealing the familiar disarray of his room. Clothes sprawl on the floor like beached creatures at low tide while the bedside table is burdened with the flotsam and jetsam of too many late night magazines. Cross looks at his room and asks himself, "What has happened?"

She arrived into his life, like most good things, unheralded. It began with the touch of her hand on his wrist.

"Hello," she said.  
"Hello," he replied.

"My name is Amelia." She had keen-edged hair set in ebony black planes about her taunt features. Her clothes were angular and fluorescent with colour, all the lines straight and sharp. Fashion created with a t-square. A subtle, expensive scent was in the air.

"My name is John, John Cross."  
"You're a friend of Susan's, aren't you?"  
"Yes, I know Susan."

"She said I should get to know you. Shall we get a drink?"

That was the beginning.

The silence. Silence in an apartment that had never known respite from the incessant growlings and murmurings of the streets below. Cross gets up and stumbles to the window. Eight floors beneath him the streets, the pavements, are empty and desolate. The streetlights sputter and then turn off. To the east the sun, warm and full, is rising but there are no birds to sing a greeting.

Under the blue-white glare of fluorescent

lighting Cross sat, engrossed in an issue of the New Statesman, reading of the last round of arms reduction talks. Then a steel grey Honda pulled into the station and rolled up to the pumps. Cross diligently noted the car's licence number while a sullen man got out and worked the pump. A moment later he paid his ten dollars, exact change, and drove away. Cross sat in his glass booth and watched the tail lights fade.

Tossing aside his magazine he looked up and saw himself in the large convex mirror that was set above the pumps. He looked at the small twisted figure for a long time. His BA degree in political science sits somewhere in some frame but the gas station pays his rent. He doesn't really mind, he has little ambition. The gas station pays well and makes few demands of him. He doesn't care very much about money.

What he does care about is Amelia. Her razor edged presence cuts precisely through his laziness and indifference. For her he'll work. For her he will become heroic, noble, loving and caring. He has never been happier.

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# DESOLATE STREETS

HE TOOK A  
LUXURY PENTHOUSE  
DOWNTOWN WHOSE  
GRAND SCALE ROOMS  
WERE FILLED WITH  
ELEGANT FURNITURE.  
FROM THE DECK OF HIS  
PENTHOUSE HE WOULD  
GAZE AT THE SUNSET  
WHILE DINING ON  
LOBSTER AND WARM  
CHAMPAGNE.

Cross did not panic, he has a logical mind. Something had happened while he was asleep. Some evacuation, some sort of accident or disaster. He goes to his stereo and turns on the radio. Lights glow and the speakers hum but there is only the sibilant hiss of nothing.

To the telephone. Dial tone. 911. It rings and rings...and rings. Dial 0. No answer. Dial 411. Again no answer. He forces himself to carefully replace the receiver. Pacing back and forth between the open window and the telephone he pauses, returns to the phone, and quickly dials her number. This time he is greeted with the monotonous droning of a busy signal.

Amelia only read fat paperback novels with shiny covers. Books of love, death, strife, and tranquility, and a hot sex scene in the second chapter. Such books entertained her as she bravely manned the telephone at her shiny chrome desk. Only occasionally would she wrinkle her nose at the faintly nauseating scent of laquer and hairspray that is inevitable in a hair salon, even one of Milan's character.

The phone would ring. Novel down, gum quickly shifted to her cheek.

"Good afternoon, Milan's Hairstyling." She tapped her pencil.

"Yes, Anthony is free on Saturday. I can put you down for two? Is that just for a cut? Fine. Your name?"

Miss Celia Freedman goes neatly into the appropriate box on the time sheet.

"Goodbye, Miss Freedman." The receiver banged into its cradle. Nibbling her gum delicately, Amelia smiles. She makes \$7.75 an hour, her rent is reasonable, and she has lots of bright, fashionable clothing. Everything, she felt, was under control.

Cross walked in, wearing his best sweater and some well pressed slacks. He smiled at her and they kissed. The clock behind the desk said five o'clock.

"I'll get my coat," she said. While he waited Cross traced patterns on the chrome desk.

"Cross, who on earth did your hair! I hope the police have apprehended the man responsible," said Anthony with an extravagant giggle. His short and chubby body bounced down the stairs from the cutting salon. In his hands he held scissors and comb delicately, like one would hold a cutthroat razor.

"Next time you must let me take care of you. You deserve some real style." Anthony had to look up at Cross but he didn't seem disconcerted. "So where are you taking the little woman tonight Cross?" He fingered Cross's lapel critically. Cross leaned back slightly.

"We're just going to catch a movie, perhaps a drink. Nothing special..."

"Oh don't be so bourgeois John," said Amelia, returning in an emerald green raincoat that shone like polished metal. "What we're really going to do is go to my place and

make love till dawn. Now isn't that the truth John?"

"It is an idea I suppose," replied Cross with a smirk and a theatrical yawn. Amelia took him by the arm and pulled him out the door.

"Such a waste of a handsome boy," said Anthony to himself.

Driving through the city Cross finds himself stopping at red lights and staring across empty intersections. There is no movement save for scraps of paper stirring in the gutters. Soon his dull green Datsun is screaming down 87th street oblivious to speed limits, but Cross finds no exhilaration in the experience. His lips are drawn tight and his palms sweat on the wheel. Red lights flash overhead, ignored. Empty storefronts line the sidewalks.

Amelia curled closer to him and ran her hand up the side of his thigh. Cross was laying on his back, gently stroking her hair. He often felt the jet black colour should rub off. He imagined it running in the sweaty passion of fucking; flowing ink streaking across their bodies, leaving indecipherable messages upon the sheets.

The door to her apartment building is locked. Cross peers through the peeling lettering that forbids canvassing within the premises but sees only a small empty lobby. He tries every buzzer, especially hers, and pounds the door. Finally he takes a wrench from the trunk of his car and gingerly smashes his way in.

Her apartment is empty. Her clothes, furniture, and posters are there but, like everything else, they offer no explanation. There is the telephone though, which lies off the hook, gently buzzing.

"Are you awake?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. She rolled over in the

darkness.

"Hand me a cigarette will you?" He passed the pack to her. She struck a match and for a moment it lit the two of them, casting vague, shifting shadows across the twisted sheets. Then the darkness returned. It was very quiet.

"Who are you?" Her voice level and serious. His reply was a sleepy mumble.

"John Cross, BA, major in political science. Presently a cashier for Penguin All-Nite Gas. Social Insurance number 642 919 846." He yawned. "Who are you?"

Amelia stretched lazily and curled closer to him. The glowing tip of her cigarette floated above his tired, unfocused eyes, a drifting red star.

"Tonight," she answers, "I am the sexiest woman in the world and I have the sexiest lover. Who gives a fuck about social insurance numbers." Her cigarette discarded in the ashtray she embraced him and nestled her face beneath his chin. "And I do like you John. I like you very much." It was a whisper. He kissed her forehead softly.

"I love you," he said.

They lay still. The vague and indistinct light that precedes dawn was seeping into the room.

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"That I won't ever leave you."

"How do you know?"

"Because I'll do everything I can to stay with you. You're important to me. I can't feel any other way about you. I can't leave you...."

"I don't want to hear this." She rolled away to face the wall.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"You overestimate yourself."

Cross picks up the buzzing receiver and lays it back on the hook. Then he begins a wandering circuit of the apartment, pausing at the dresser to look inside a jewellery box, checking the medicine cabinet in the

bathroom, leafing through back issues of Vogue.

The random wandering slowly evolves into a methodical search. Drawers are emptied and refilled, glossy paperbacks are fanned and reshelfed, dress pockets are turned out and then in again. There is no object to his search, no set goal, just a desire for a clue, a scrap of explanation.

After two hours he has worked his way to the kitchen. It is there, in a tin of flour, that he finds an envelope with his name on it. Inside is a scrap of a cigarette package. On it, in pencil, is written:

Goodbye John. How happy  
you made me.

Love, A.

In the months to follow Cross set himself up in style. He took a luxury penthouse downtown whose grand scale rooms were filled with elegant lean furniture. The kitchen he stocked with canned food and bottled water. The closets were filled with expensive clothes. His cologne was bottled in crystal.

The city he treated as a vast amusement park. He would walk through jewellery shops and pocket diamonds as a boy might pocket pretty pebbles. He played video games until his hands ached and his initials topped ranks on every machine. From the deck of his penthouse he would gaze at a sunset while dining on lobster and warm champagne.

He went out less and less as time went on. For awhile he would go to her apartment and lie on her bed, reading. But more often he would stay in the penthouse and watch old movies or pornography on the videotape player. The suite itself was littered with toys, skin magazines, and paintings from the art gallery. He once spent an afternoon shooting out the windows of the building across the street with a high power rifle. The glass would fall a long time, glittering in the sunlight, before smashing onto the pavements.

The most difficult addition to the apartment was the diving board. It wouldn't fit into the elevator and therefore had to be hauled thirty stories up the side of the building. The work took three days and a great deal of rope.

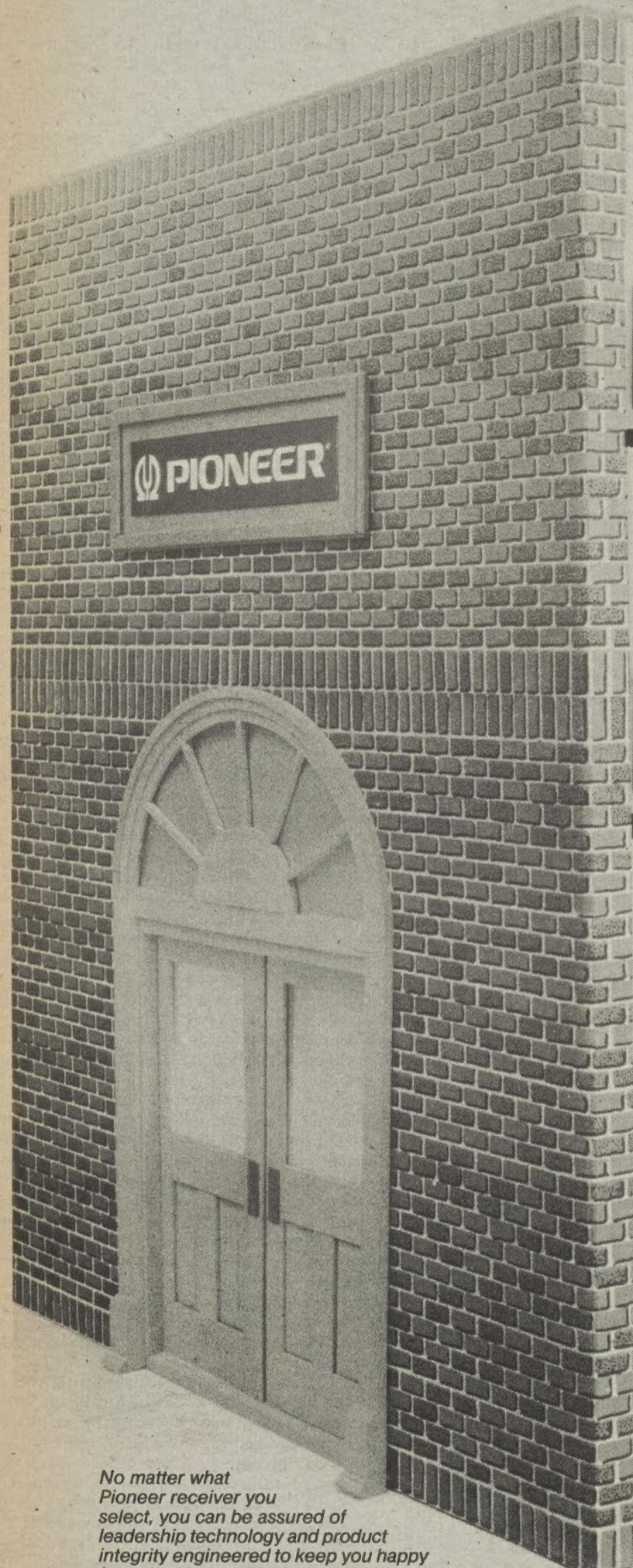
Once installed, the board protruded from the living room window out over the street below. Late at night he liked to perch himself at the end and gaze at the city. The buildings below, lit only by shafts of moonlight that pierced an overcast sky, would whisper and sigh as the autumn winds twisted through the streets. Some nights he would stand at the edge and gently bounce. Below, the buildings, the whispering, the empty world.

If he were to fall forward and gracefully tumble into the darkness, then it would all cease to be. The world would gather its pale buildings, silent streets, and empty apartments together, wrap them with the cold moonlight and the autumn wind, and vanish. Left behind would be the sound of the springboard rattling hard against the windowsill.

THE MOST DIFFICULT  
ADDITION TO THE  
APARTMENT WAS THE  
DIVING BOARD.

BY GEOFFREY JACKSON

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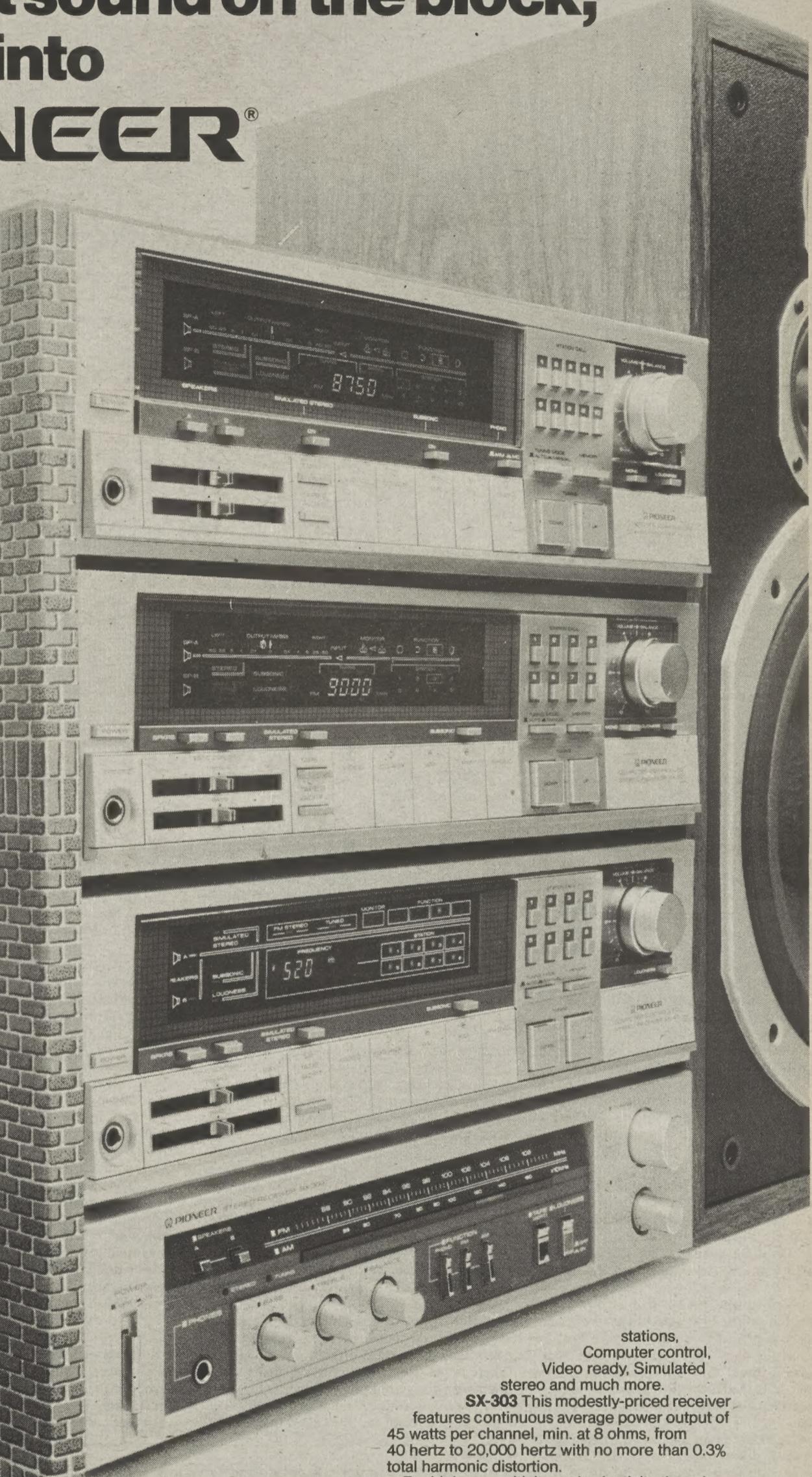
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#### PART 1: Mr Q Has Breakfast

Mr Q felt fine Monday morning. He was more than ready to escape the confines of domestic bliss and take his rightful part as a productive citizen in the national economy. The weekend, he reflected with some chagrin, had not been perfect, but he had managed to add four pounds to an already healthy and burgeoning beer gut, and this was no mean accomplishment.

Sitting at the kitchen table, the unshaven Mr Q espied his faithful wife, entering so as to make her bacon-provider a hearty breakfast. Feeling thankful for the love she showered so selflessly on him, Mr Q declared,

"Hi, Mrs Q, you old bat! My, but you're looking miserable this morning. Hurry the hell up with that slop so I can get back to that miserable ass-kissing rat hole of a job!"

Mrs Q, reacting with her customary early morning good humour, kindly told her husband to stuff it, and burned the piss out of his toast in revenge.

Soon, the smoke-filled house of the Q's resounded merrily to the sounds of yet another argument.

"How to be, you ignorant slut — you lie around the bloody house all day — for the last 34 years — and you still haven't learned how to cook toast!" yelled Mr Q, with a gleam in his eye.

"Stuff it," rejoined his doting spouse, who was awfully illiterate in the witty comeback field.

As was customary, this minor morning domestic spat awoke Mr Q's three loving children, who immediately rushed into the kitchen, and proceeded to separate two brawling parents with just the amount of force necessary to escape a civil suit.

"Let go of me you pathetic little brats," greeted Mr Q.

"No, Daddy, you'll be late for work again — and if they fire you, you'll hang around the house and make life intolerable for us, like you did the last time," returned the smiling children. Q, hearing the note of pious entreaty in their sweet little voices, rushed out of the house, overcome with emotion.

"Thank Christ he's gone," said Than — at thirty-two the oldest of the three children, "I would've hated to beat him senseless like I had to last time."

The other two siblings, Small and Capital, breathed a collective sigh of relief and agreement.

"Stuff it," moaned Mrs Q, "and get the hell out of here."

#### PART 2: Mr Q Rides the Bus

"God, I hate riding these blasted buses," thought Mr Q egalitarianly, as he waited at the stop, "they're always full of punks, bums, minorities, and old people — and unproductive college students." Unfortunately, the timely arrival of the bus interrupted his train of thought.

"90 bloody cents," he grumbled assertively to the bus driver, "and they never run on time."

"Look, buddy," answered the driver, "don't bitch at me." Fortified by these words of wisdom, Mr Q retired to his customary seat.

"Just watch," he thought, "some ignorant crippled up old bat'll get on at the next stop, and she'll stand in the aisle, swaying pitifully, until I have to give her my seat."

Fortunately for the fictitious old lady (for Mr Q's chivalrous instincts were not his strong point) this unfortunate turn of events never occurred, and Mr Q was saved from the ever-present threat of exercise for another day.

#### PART 3: Mr Q Arrives at Work

"Jesus Christ," mumbled our hero wittily as he shoved a small child from his way and stepped off the bus, "I'm fifteen godawful seconds late for work. I should have settled for kicking my wife only once in the head this morning."

Inside the factory, Q's boss paced cheerfully back and forth, his mean, fat little face growing progressively more apoplectic.

"You're in for it today, Q," thought the old man, in crusty and lovable tones, "my car broke down this morning and you're late. Gee, it's nice to be a boss and have a scapegoat!"

stimulating lunch-room discussion, Mr Q returned to work refreshed in spirit and body, ready to do his best for his company.

"God," he thought, as he wended his way, "I sure wish I was anywhere else."

However, he wasn't, and after four more hours of chain link greasing and a ten minute break (eight of which was spent getting to and from the break-room) he left the factory, caught his bus, and started home.

#### PART 7: Meanwhile, back at Home (Part Two)

Meanwhile, back at home (just like the title says) Mrs Q was busily making supper for her man. As usual, she was involved in wonderfully creative cookery, and miraculously converted two pounds of left-over baloney into a hearty, man-sized soup.

"Wha's fo' supper, Maw," slurred Than, who had just returned from his job at the bar.

"Baloney soup," replied Mrs Q, "and if you don't like it you can lump it, you filthy useless bum."

Than, who had turned a delightful shade of green following this remark, retired hastily to the bathroom, where he entertained his mother for the next half-hour with a positively talented repertoire of uncommon gastrointestinal noises.

Soon afterwards, Capital and Small ventured home, and, after crabbing at their mother's erstwhile culinary efforts, proceeded to lightheartedly tease their elder brother, who was still quite woozy.

"How would ya like a nice cold greasy fried egg?" inquired Small.

"How about a lovely warm cup of lard?" interjected Capital.

"Some hairballs with grease?"

"Piss off, you little bastards, or I'll brain ya," replied Than, who was brandishing a crowbar with his customary sensitivity.

Soon, supper was ready, and for a time domesticity reigned sublimely over the castle of Q, and the happy little faces of the family lit up in anticipation of the arrival of their provider and mentor.

"I hope that stupid son-of-a-bitch remembers to bring us something," said Small, verbalizing the thoughts of the entire family.

#### PART 8: Q Catches the Bus Home and Thinks for a While

"God, I'm glad to be out of that place," thought Q with the air of one who was extremely glad to be out of a particularly miserable place. "Supper's sure gonna taste good tonight."

Leaving the bus for the final time that day, Q rushed home.

"I hope that bitch of a wife of mine doesn't have a headache again tonight," he thought amorously.

#### PART 9: The Q Family is Reunited After A Trying Day

"Hey Dad," shouted Small when Q re-entered his abode, "what the hell did you bring us?"

"Shut up and bring me a beer, you rotten little brat," snarled Q, sending his wayward son on that mission with a well-placed swing of his steel-toed work boot.

"Supper's on the table," quipped his loving wife from the confines of her bedroom, "and don't touch me tonight, I've got a headache."

"I hate bloody baloney soup," thought Q as he wolfed down his portion ravenously.

Soon after, sated with the repast, Q entered his living room, put his books on the coffee table, turned on the intelligence vacuum, and drank himself into a stupor to the sounds of a football game.

Awaking at 11:00 — just after the news — Q entered his bedroom, gazed lustily at his sleeping wife, and collapsed on the bed.

"Maybe I'll quit smoking tomorrow," he thought finally, as the last streams of consciousness fled his brain.

#### PART 10: A New Day Begins

Much too early the next morning, the alarm clock went off.

Last summer CEC for students made available

**333,000  
job placements.**

(In Alberta, see your Hire-A-Student Office.)

Through "Summer Canada 1984", in co-operation with the private sector, opportunities are available in a variety of fields for varying lengths of time.

**One  
could be  
yours  
this year.**

*This is your opportunity to acquire "previous experience".*

Summer work is the ideal place to get real on-the-job experience. And in a few years when a prospective employer asks about previous work experience, you'll have it. It's also a good way of defining your future career goals, and at the very least, it sure helps to fatten up your resumé.

Looking at it in the short term, the money earned from a summer job can go a long way to furthering your education.

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With this many placements, there is obviously a large variety of jobs. There may be some in your area, in your specific field of interest. We urge you to register soon while the selection is the greatest.

*Find out more by contacting your nearest Canada Employment Centre or Canada Employment Centre for Students.*

corpus christi antichrist  
I want you ... in prayer  
fuck me

I as a child was not touched  
I was left for death  
    omniscient mother  
        fed on my life  
i a child cried  
    jesus would not feel me

I still a child touch no one  
feel love only in death  
of the perjured image man  
truth mirage religion

Scott Fralick

## reflection

face to the window in the night  
'someone who i don't know  
man with a boy's tears  
speaking in a throatless voice

when my father lay dying  
I cried only as he slept  
    to clear my throat of the pain

and if he woke  
twisted fingers gently wiped the fears from my eyes  
and brought this silent throat to speak again of pain.

---

Scott English

as i woke from my sleep  
a tiny bird came to my sight  
perched on the window sill  
amid the morning light.  
and from its beak came a sweet song to lull  
i walked over to the window and crushed it's fucking skull.

JAG

after

When they amputate your dreams  
and crucify your words  
solitude remains  
a face touch it stills the sky

sunday  
we walk in the park  
and while the children play  
and while the children play  
we dream

Clutch my hand crawl in my eyes  
we still share the same dreams  
to release them we  
amputate reality

Scott Fralick

**In Praise of Possessive Women**

The average woman in love  
is usually standing harmlessly beneath his rib or  
is sometimes being removed from still cheeks or  
is absolutely wild when she's been crying but  
She never does seem to get a night's rest.

The male to whom she is given  
is absolutely whole when she lifts her shirt and  
although she doesn't always do it for him, even so  
he always finds another way to beguile her and  
She always ends up afraid knowing.

A woman's halves need balance:  
mostly, she should be unafraid of him and  
partly, she should be unashamed of Eve;  
she can assemble her prayers on these as  
She takes up the place he had withheld.

James Ernest Channen

**America**

At first she gives you an ulcer  
Then strains you to the limit  
At last days you flat with Tylenol  
Peacefully greeting you  
With a new set of porcelain teeth  
Always younger  
Almost pleased  
Sells you alibies for painless death

The America of misleading messages  
Million opportunities  
Plastic heart surgeries  
Cruise nuclear missiles  
The America of dreams come true  
Bionic men, inflated rubber dolls  
Gets to a second orgasm  
Looking at herself in the mirror.

Silvano Zamaro

**Preoccupation at the Beach**

Eugene and Harvey were down by the Sea  
(Rumour has it that they talked about me).  
Constance and Martha were down there too  
(I'm quite certain that they talked about you).

But it seems that the high tide came  
and filled their ragged lungs,  
Stopped their little red heartbeats  
and stilled their long, long tongues.

Scott Rogers

**Introspect on a Gray White Winter Afternoon**

Fuck, Fuck;  
Fuckity fuck!  
Fuck.

Marie Clifford

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SAVE MONEY**

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4 roll pack **\$1.44**

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Brands  
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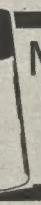
**\$11.19** per CARTON

Health & Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked.

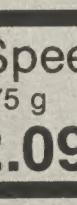
Keri Lotion - 380 ml  
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Body On Tap - 450 ml  
**\$2.69**



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75 g  
**\$2.09**



Vidal Sassoon Hair  
Spray **\$2.39**



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Lose 5-14 lbs.  
In Two Weeks  
**\$8.39**



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450 ml size only  
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Sub Title V.I.C. Extra Strength  
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Now With  
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Gum Travel Toothbrush  
#153R (2 for the Road)  
**\$1.19**



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Sale Ends Sunday, April 1

## Porking

The fruits of  
sow seduction  
are quantity, not quality

Frustrating, as a slop slicked  
piggy bodies slip  
slither over each  
others folds of fat  
sunburnt pink  
(hot, sticky, but  
not sweaty, since pigs  
lack, the necessary glands)

SNORT....GRUNT....SNORT....SQUEEEEEEEEL

Pig pen ecstasy, thrashing  
shit and gumbo over trough  
fence, and errant farmboy

Gilbert Bouchard



## Urban Hunters

Night jungle clearing:  
The lust, the confusion.  
Crowded city-scape connecting  
The bar lost as they call,  
Lonely call,  
Through space and time.

The light . . . the light, and again  
The night.

A girl, twentieth century  
Glory come passion, fire in limbs.  
The boy awaits her cold blaze  
Tamed in heat, turning down lies in heart.

Conquest in leafless country,  
Night jungle clearing.

N.W. McNeill

2084

Arnot sat upon Lackey heavily, the pounds of excess flesh shifting in response to Lackey's exertions like a boneless chicken in a rocking chair.

"Turn!" he screamed suddenly. Lackey turned obediently and shuffled laborously in the new direction. His breath came in small explosions and the huge metal bit was shredding the sides of his mouth.

"Bla....glooog....argk...." he ventured to vocalize but his words were impeded by iron and he was forced to abandon the effort. Later

tonight, he knew, he would pour out his intelligence into his typewriter when he continued his thesis on biomechanics. He was content, just as Arnot was content in the knowledge that he would soon be making merry with his friends — eating, drinking and fornicating in reckless abandon. Neither thought it was strange that the human race had split into two such disparate castes because neither had any complaints. But it is a sad thing when man's ambition becomes a slave to his animal desires.

by the Lady in Pink

## Evil Denied

I like those lovely ladies not  
For they smile at me a lot.  
I have no wish to burn in hell  
I deny temptation, and you, I tell  
the secret is a simple twist  
that encrusts the pants, and strengthens wrist.

Scott Rogers

## Power of Oblivion

There is no  
power.  
Only fleeting moments of its  
image.

Gone.

Swept away into mindless gutters.  
Mingled with other  
sewage.

Bryon Paege

## Once

I had a mind —  
once.

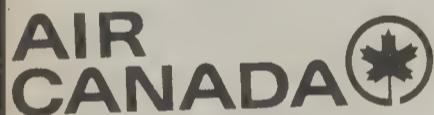
But the system took me  
and tortured my mind —  
dunce.

I believed —  
once.

Now I only do  
what they wish.

I clutch at scraps of parchment —  
dunce.

Bryon Paege



# BRITAIN 1984



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- Full Course up graded meal
- Complimentary Bar
- Standard Seats
- International Newspapers

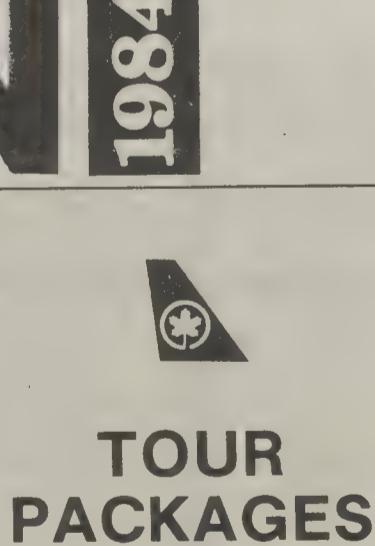


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<b>\$85.00</b>	<b>\$105.00</b>	<b>N/A</b>	<b>N/A</b>	Quebec City/Windsor Corridor

\* Applicable from June 1 through September 30, 1984. Trips may start or finish during this period. Other trips applicable during remainder of year until December 15, with the exception of the Thursday before Easter to Easter Monday.

A Youth CANRAILPASS entitles the holder to travel in regular coaches. Dayniter, Club or sleeping car accommodation as well as meals may be purchased by paying the applicable supplemental charges.

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Transport Canada  
Lloyd Axworthy, Minister

Transports Canada  
Lloyd Axworthy, Ministre



## Save 25% with the new Via Rail Youth CANRAILPASS!



### Counterpoint

Forced facts of  
slighted fancies;

A whisper, a cry for union.

Delightful dialects of  
misshappen deeds;

A dance, a crawl for serenity.

Bottled breathings of  
tragic bliss;

A scent, a reek for order.

Mirthful myriads of  
useless morals;

A touch, a push,  
for

Packed fish

and

Lonely birds

Ben Murray

### The Beaverkillers

Paid beaverkillers  
Kill beavers

Pests

Get the gun

Get the bomb

Eager beaverkillers  
Job pride  
Enthusiasm  
Late at night  
Dogs and flashlights

"Really?"

"Really."

"No kidding?"

"No kidding."

"Gee."

Two men  
One black, one white  
Hire one man  
It's easy  
One's a beaverkiller

Professors at school?  
Beaverkillers  
Beavers at school??  
Professorkillers  
Beavers???

Damn dam  
Beaver's dam  
Damn beaver  
Nature's beaver  
Damn Nature

Two beavers  
One beaverkiller  
Unfair  
Get another beaverkiller

Two beaverkillers  
One beaver  
Unfair  
Get another beaver

Beaverkillers in gov't  
Who?  
Reagan  
Ronald Reagan?  
Nancy

"No kidding?"  
"No kidding."  
"Honest?"  
"Honest."  
"Gee."

Poor beavers  
No defense  
Arms build-up  
Peace through strength  
**KILLERBEAVERS!**

Paid gopherkillers  
Kill gophers  
Pests  
Get the gun  
Get the poison . . .

Damn beavers . . .

James Ernest Channen

# S.A.-J.J. Plywood & Grotesques

By Jordan Peterson

To A. Solzhenitsyn, P. Floyd, J. Joyce,  
S. Anderson, K. Vonnegut and all those  
others who have escaped mediocrity  
to decry the human condition.

John felt badly again Monday morning. The aching pit at the bottom of his stomach — a phenomenon of the last two months — was getting worse, progressively, every time he woke up. Still, he thought, he might just as well go to work. After all, it was only two weeks until his annual three-week vacation, and he felt that perhaps that would cure him. Anyway, it didn't matter. What happened would happen.

The weekend, he reflected with some real chagrin, had not been too good. John thought, "I wish I could take Emily out of the city for a while. The place is really starting to wear on her."

But they couldn't get away — not even for a weekend.

"Christ," he thought, "the state the economy's in, I'm lucky to have a job."

And the mortgage payments were rising again (for the third time in two years), and his daughter Sue needed some new clothes for school.

"She was so little — not so long ago," he remembered, and hoped Emily would understand. "Soon, maybe, I'll get a promotion, and then things will get a little better."

Emily was working in the kitchen. She always made John breakfast. He expected her to, but he always told her not to bother. This was an arrangement that suited them both.

John shaved in the bathroom, and then went out to the kitchen table to eat his bacon and eggs, and drink his coffee.

Goddamn, he thought, look at that bloody toast.

"Aw, honey," he asked, "do you always have to burn the toast?"

"I don't always burn it," she replied, "I'm sorry."

"Yeah, you always do," John said, a little annoyed. "Every bloody morning it's burned. It really aggravates me."

"Well, excuse me," answered Emily, annoyed too. Mornings weren't the best time of the day for her. "Maybe you'd like to cook your own damn breakfast."

John replied angrily, "You don't have to. I even tell you not to."

"You only say that. You know you'd be pissed off if I didn't," Emily snapped, resentfully.

"You're goddamn right I would," replied John, madder still because their little deceit was destroyed. "Just forget I said anything. I like burned toast. At least I'm used to it."

Emily looked at him with wide, unhappy

eyes, and resolved not to speak to him until after work.

"Hey, I'm sorry I brought it up," said John, apologetically. But it was too late, and Emily decided not to accept his offer. His stomach was really hurting him now. God, he hated it when she wouldn't talk to him. You'd think she'd understand.

Just then Sue came running in. God, thought John, she's sure getting pretty.

"Mom," she announced, "Eddy keeps coming into my room, even when I tell him not to."

Although John loved Sue, Eddy was his favourite. He was at that cute age, about seven and a half. For this reason, John was a little harder on him than he should have perhaps been.

Eddy came running in after her.

"Don't listen to her mom, she stole my brush. I only went in to get it."

John was a little bit unsure of what to do with his daughter, lately. She was at that awkward age, and John didn't know what to do with her. Still, she needed her privacy.

John grabbed Eddy by the shoulders and shook him a bit.

"Don't go into her room without her permission," he said.

"But Dad...." said Eddy in his high little voice.

John tapped him on the cheek, and he started to whimper. This made John ashamed, and he pushed Eddy away.

"Don't 'But Dad,' me," he said. "Just listen to what I say."

Eddy glared at his father resentfully, and ran into his bedroom. Sue had been so unfair lately, and nobody listened. Not even his Dad. Sue grinned a bit at the table.

"Where's Dave?" John asked.

"He's still asleep," said Sue.

"Well, he better not be asleep when I get home. And he better have a job. And most of all, he better be sober," said John.

Emily broke her silence to defend her eldest son.

"He's been looking, John. Don't be so hard on him."

"Don't you defend him to me," snapped John. "He causes enough trouble around here without making us fight."

David stood in the doorway, dishevelled from his sleep. He had obviously heard the last bit of the conversation. He put his hands on his hips, and looked with his head tilted at his father.

"What do you want from me old man?" he asked. "You want me to burn my life away workin' for....so I can have my own little house, and my own little family, like we've got?" This was in fact the last thing that John wanted. He wanted better things for his son, but could never tell him that.

"Don't you talk to your father like that," said Emily. "He's done more for you than you can know."

"Yeah, sure," said Dave, and turned and walked away. "I've heard that before."

"You find a job," shouted John.

"Yeah, yeah."

Dave left. Nobody at the table said anything more. After a while, John gulped down the last of his coffee, and left too.

"See ya." he said.

bright and stark and orange at once. The sign above the door read: S. Anderson, J. Joyce: Grotesques and Plywood; Est. 1919 Winesburg, Ohio.

Inside the factory, John's boss was experiencing aggravated frustration. The new (college) production manager was down on him again — throwing out hints about "young foremen" and "new ideas." John's boss was fifty-six years old. Under any other circumstances he would have been John's friend.

"Why the hell are you late again, George?" he said when John entered. "You know my production's down, and you, as a senior employee, should be setting a good example. Christ, you've been here long enough."

"John," said John.

"What?" said the foreman.

"John, goddamn it, my name's John," said John, and hung up his coat in the lobby.

"Oh," said the foreman, embarrassed. "Well, don't be late, anyway, John."

John walked through the lobby to work.

The "lobby"—coffee-room of the factory, was about 10m X 30m, and serviced about 300 men in various shifts. It had beat-up vending machines (products of the workers' frustration with machines) along one wall. The men were supposed to sit here, on hard green picnic benches, nicked and scarred, which were pulled up to aged, greasy old plywood tables. Cigarette butts, cans, and chocolate bar wrappers littered the place.

The factory was worse inside. Sweating in the summer (135F), freezing in the winter (52F), the scene was singularly oppressive. Huge green furnaces and other machines creamed and boiled and screeched and belched in deafening manner. Men had to shout to their neighbour when he was more than a foot away, and communication was virtually impossible. On those rare occasions when the men had something to say, they forgot it.

*Now let us try for a moment to realise, as far as we can, the nature of that abode of the damned which the justice of an offended economy has called into existence for the eternal punishment of workers. The strait and dark and foul smelling prison is an abode of machinery and deadened souls, filled with fire and smoke. The straitness of this factory was expressly designed by Joyce (proprietor) subconsciously to punish those who refused to live up to his conception of the ideal capitalist.*

Continued on page 14



# S.A.-J.J. Plywood & Grotesques

continued from page 13

This was not hell, for the walls of the factory were one foot, not four thousand miles thick; the hands of the damned were still capable of removing from the eyes a worm that gnawed it, and the devils which tormented the workers were machines, not fallen angels. Thus I apologize to Mr. J. Joyce.

Furthermore, the workers, while sinners, were not damned — only grotesques, fulfilling the design of the factory. Accuse Mr. S. Anderson, who was not even born in Winesburg, and who had the gall (guts?) to create it anyway.

John, who was not unintelligent, was forced by circumstance (or free will) to sit endlessly on top of a stool and grease a chain with a paint brush so that the chain would bring logs smoothly to people who would cut them up and send them to other people who would dry them out and send them to other people who would trim them ship them stack them nail build live work die. This was how plywood worked.

His job was not unimportant. In fact, he only had to wait three years from when he started greasing (standing) until a particularly benevolent (truthfully benevolent) foreman gave him a stool. In spite of the stool, John hated his job. This can only be described, not demonstrated. This is how John hated:

*It made him stoop, when he did. It made him bigoted, for he needed scapegoats. It made*

him short-tempered, for he never did what he wanted to do. It made it impossible for him to ever look entirely outside himself, and thus created a cave. It made him a shadow.

Worst of all, a tiny piece of this hate distilled itself into pure hydrochloric acid, which gave John the ulcer that hurt him continually which would give him the cancer that would kill him just as dead as if he had never been.

The same hate killed one of his acquaintances in the factory. John didn't know this. One day this man decided to wear a long-sleeved shirt to work. (Subconsciously). He never wore a long-sleeved shirt to work; it was against company policy. This shirt caught in an auger, which caught in his arm, and then in his shoulder. Then parts of him were greased (on a chain) and cut and dried, and glued and shipped and stacked nailed built lived worked and died. S.A. - J.J. Plywood (and grotesques) called it an "unfortunate accident" and used it to prove to themselves that the working man could never be responsible no matter how safe the plant. That's the way grotesques work.

But it was self-murder, by hate.

Meanwhile, back at home, Emily watched a soap opera, and wished her family could

function as a family "should." Sue was flirting in the Junior High hallway with a boy who would eventually impregnate (at 16) marry (at 17) and divorce her (at 25). Eddy was in elementary school listening to the teacher (young, ignorant) describe the industrial revolution in ignorant young terms. Eddy would become a teacher. He decided. And then he would help perpetuate an awful system.

David was dealing Acid (LSD), at the local bar. He would be in and out of jail until shot in a grocery store holdup by an overzealous, "overfrightened" immigrant shopkeeper who would hate himself for the rest of his life. (at 28).

the conversation. Supper went OK.

7:00 p.m. until 11:00 p.m.

John watched TV. At eleven he went to bed with Emily, and made slow, languorous, painful passionate love.

12:00 a.m.

Asleep.

2:00 a.m.

Dave came home and passed out, fully clothed, on the living room couch. He did not wake his mother or his father, who had ceased waiting up for him. For some reason, this disappointed him.

6:00 a.m.

Much too early the next morning, the alarm clock went off. Monday had come again.

*Who was born in a house full of pain  
Who was trained not to spit in the fan  
Who was told what to do by the man  
Who was broken by trained personell  
Who was fitted with collar and chain  
Who was given a pat on the back  
Who was only a stranger at home  
Who was ground down in the end  
Who was found dead on the phone  
Who was dragged down by the stone*

Who was dragged down, by the stone.

## BABARETS

Tickets are available from the SUB Box Office (2nd Floor SUB) and various club members.  
NOTE: These events are open only to U of A students, staff, and guests.

DINWOODIE  
2nd Floor SUB  
Proof of age required.  
Doors 8 PM

U of A Tae Kwon Do Club  
present



PRETTY  
ROUGH

Friday, March 30

U of A Ski Club  
present

CASUALTY

former members of  
slash and the bleeding hearts  
first offence  
tokyo vogue

Saturday, March 31

- April 6 Rock Angels
- April 14 The Villains
- April 11 Rough Trade

## UP & COMING:

## NOTICE to all Gateway Staff

Staff meeting for the express purpose of selecting the editorial staff for the 1984-85 term on Thursday, March 29, 1984, at 4 p.m. in Room 282 SUB.

### VOTERS LIST FOR THOSE PERSONS ELIGIBLE TO VOTE ON NEXT YEAR'S STAFF:

John Algard	Brent Jang	Barry Steeves
Oscar Ammar	Rob Johnstone	Anne Stephen
Jens Andersen	Brad Karpinka	Patrice Struyk
K. Arthur	Christine Koch	Brenda Waddle
Margaret Baer	Tim Kubash	Mike Walker
Shane Berg	Nate LaRoi	Rick Warren
Frank Bevacqua	Ken Lenz	Dan Watson
Simon Blake	Terry Lindberg	Neal Watson
Kent Blinston	Dave Ludwig	Rich Watts
Gunnar Blodgett	John Ludwig	Angela Wheelock
Anna Borowieki	Brenda Mallaly	Tom Wilson
Gilbert Bouchard	David Marples	Denise Workun
Maureen Bourke	Janine McDade	Michael Wynne
Suzette Chan	Georgeann McInerney	Sandy Vickerson
Bosco Chang	Jim Moore	Bonnie Zimmerman
Dwayne Chomyn	Tanya Morrison	
Maire Clifford	Sally Ann Mowat	
Kent Cochrane	Warren Opheim	
Christopher Coy	Cheryl Parsons	
Barbara Eyles	Jordan Peterson	
Ian Ferguson	Bernie Poitras	
Bob Gardner	Mark Roppel	
Ninette Gironella	Martin Schug	
Ann Grever	Bill St. John	
Zane Harker	Christina Starr	
Greg Harris		
Wendy Hawkins		
Sarah Hickson		
Paul Holloway		
Tom Huh		
Bill Inglee		

Please attend this meeting



### I Believe . . .

I believe in music.  
I believe in the laughter of children.  
I believe in the first day of spring and the soft whispers of lovers.  
I believe in logs crackling in a stone fireplace, keeping away the chill of a long winter's night.  
I believe in hiking alongside a quiet lake in the fresh mountain air.  
I believe in the wholesome goodness of natural foods.  
I believe in rows of wheat, softly swayed by a gentle wind under the hot summer sun.  
I believe in the unfathomable beauty of stars in the clear night sky.  
I believe in a mother duck, leading her young through the reeds of a northern Alberta pond.  
I believe in the peaceful solitude of a green Alpine meadow.  
I believe in puppies, curled at the foot of a small child's bed.  
I also believe in Zorkon, Supreme Ruler of the Galactic Confederation of Alpha Centauri.

Kent Cochrane

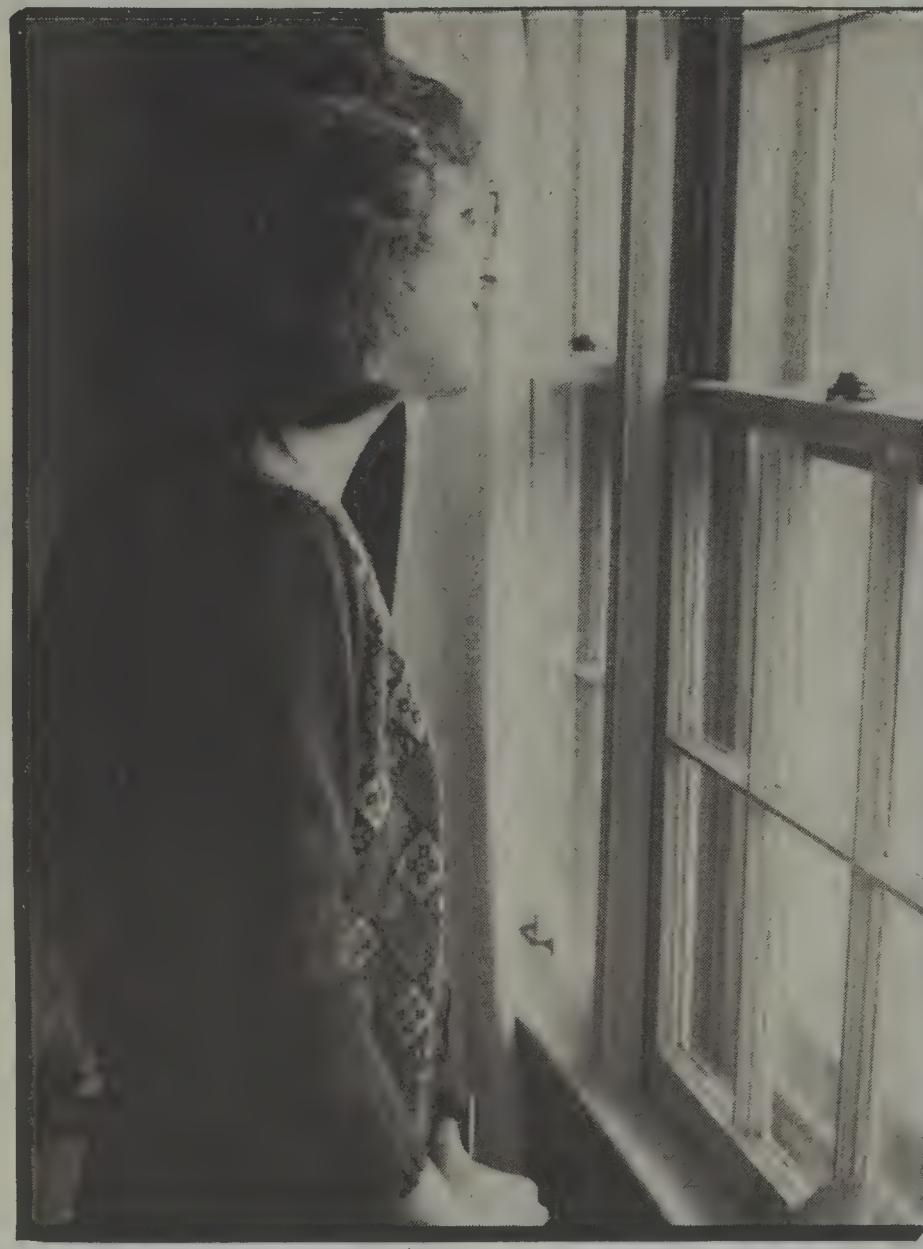


### Shriner's Life

I'm looking so fine in my shriner's hat,  
I'm not too tall, and I'm kinda fat.  
I sure know where the good scene's at;  
Make a nice fur vest from the fur bath mat.

I'll put Nana Mouskouri on the hi-fi,  
Fetch the vacuum tube; we'll give it one more try.  
You know it, baby, that I'm pretty sly  
'Cause I'm a cool shriner on the fly.

Scott Rogers



*Adelle (speaking of Gregory):  
He worries me so. He's like a kid who  
insists on climbing trees even though his  
hands can scarcely reach the boughs.*

The early darkness of February was well upon us by the time Gregory and I arrived at my apartment block. Our breath was a frosty mist in the icy blue light of the street lamps. Gerald was silent and withdrawn now and I felt it wisest to leave him to his thoughts.

Once inside I fixed him a ham and tomatoe sandwich which he ate with reasonable appetite as he sat quietly in my armchair, reading an old issue of Saturday Review. After an hour he began to nod off over his magazine so I got up and made him a bed on the chesterfield. Once in it he fell asleep almost immediately beneath the quilt I'd taken from our bed.

Adelle got home later from her night class at the university and found me watching Gregory sleep, an open and unread book in my lap.

"What's Gregory doing on the sofa?" she whispered.

"Things went very badly at the hospital. Elaine threw a royal scene.....Gregory just went to pieces." I closed the book and set it on my desk. Adelle was beside me and I could smell the cold winter air in her clothing.

"And you brought him home, fed him, and put him to bed." Her hand brushed through my hair.

"He was a wreck....I've never seen him so bad." I took her hand and held it, still watching Gregory's huddled form under the blankets. "What else was there to do?"

She leaned over slowly and kissed me on the mouth. "There was nothing else to do, lover." Her face was very close to mine, she stared into my eyes. "You worry so much, Ian. Yet you do realize that you are not really responsible for him? You worry so much." She whispered her words very softly and as softly I replied.

"People have to try. When my life was an insane mess I found you. Now Gregory's got me. Things tend to balance out."

Adelle didn't reply to that, she just stared at Gregory. "What a mess it all became," she said.

*Gregory:  
I don't think I ever really realized what it would mean to have the love of a woman. Elaine has come into my life like a whirlwind, and like a whirlwind she has tumbled me head over foot. She loves me and I love her; all else can be forgiven.*

## Speaking of Gregory

by Geoffrey Jackson

fidgeted nervously and felt, rather than saw, his imploring glance.

"I'm going to find myself some coffee," I said, rising, "Can I bring you some?" Elaine ignored me but Gregory nodded yes. I left them to themselves.

For the next twenty minutes I wandered the halls, reading the signs and watching the staff go about their duties. There is nothing as dull as killing time so I was glad to finally locate a coffee vending machine in a stairwell and then to head back to the lounge.

Elaine and Gregory were kissing passionately as I walked into the room. I quickly backed out. They hadn't noticed me. I crept away down the corridor red-faced with embarrassment. I could scarcely believe what I had seen. Gregory had had his hand under her blouse, caressing her breasts. It seemed impossible to reconcile that image with the quiet reserve of my friend.

As I went around the building, walking slowly with brimming styrofoam cups of steaming coffee, I passed a window and through it I could see the icy fields and the snow covered pines rolling to the horizon. To one side was the old wing of the hospital, stately and impressive with its massive doors and its gabled roof. One could barely see the heavy iron gratings on the windows. I stood there and thought of all the turmoil and anguish contained within those walls, surrounded by the cold serenity of the winter's day. It was mysterious and incomprehensible and I could find no meaning in such thoughts. Then I realized that I didn't have any true idea of what Gregory was feeling or was capable of feeling, despite years of friendship. He too was mysterious. I left the window and went through the corridors till I reached the lounge. This time I was careful to cough loudly before I reached the door.

The were sitting apart on the couch. Elaine glaring at me while Gregory stared at his hands. I offered him a lukewarm cup of coffee.

"Thanks," he said, hardly daring to look at me as he took the cup. I glanced at my watch.

"It's nearly been half an hour Greg." He looked up and smiled weakly at me and then Elaine.

"I guess we have to go now, I'm afraid," he said.

"Don't go," said Elaine.

"I'm afraid we have to Elaine. You're only allowed a half hour visit and we wouldn't want to aggravate the nurses would we?" Gerald was standing and I edged towards the door. Elaine sat motionless, staring at the floor.

"Elaine, I'll come back."

"Please don't go," she said, her eyes beginning to weep.

"Oh, don't cry, Elaine." He took a Kleenex from a box on the coffee table and made a motion to dry her tears but she only flung her arms about him and began to really sob.

"I hate it here Greg!" she cried loudly. Gregory tried hopelessly to soothe her. From the hall I could hear footsteps clattering. Elaine's crying was rising in pitch and she started to beat her hands across his back. Blood began to seep through her gauze

holding a syringe filled with a milky pink liquid. I took Gregory by the arm and pulled him from the room.

We had to walk the full length of the corridor and through a double set of fire doors before we left Elaine's sobbing behind. And when those cries were finally cut off with the snap of the door latch Gregory stopped walking. He trembled violently and tried to speak but only to stammer and halt. When I laid a hand on his shoulder he buckled at the knees and I had to catch him to keep him from falling to the floor. He was sobbing convulsively and I held him till he had exhausted himself. Then I put my arm under his and then held him across his back.

"Come on Greg," I said, "Let's go home."

*Gregory:  
Being deeply involved with a woman is a terrific commitment. I can see that now with Elaine. There's something very sad about her and I find myself struggling to find the source of her unhappiness. Her life is a maze of tragic frustration, it simply overwhelms me. Yet I am committed. She needs me.*

"Ian, I'd like to introduce you to Elaine Pierce. Elaine, this is Ian Tate." Gregory stood tense and anxious in the doorway. Elaine smiled at me cautiously with her head hung forward as she peered at me through her bangs. She was a tall thin woman, dressed in a pastel pink dress, her cheekbones blushed a delicate mauve. A fashionable figure yet her elegance was completely undercut by her poor carriage. Her slouched posture, the way she peered at me, all suggested something off, a mongrel with a show class coat. She shook my hand, her touch vague and damp.

"I'm pleased to meet you Elaine," I said. She only nodded her reply. Gregory was beside me, waiting for a sign of approval; a nudge, a knowing look, something to confirm his choice.

"I'd better check on the roast," I said. "Adelle's in the living room and I'm sure she'd be glad to fix you both a drink." I then turned and retreated to the kitchen, being careful to avoid Gregory's eyes as I did.

Elaine became less withdrawn as we ate dinner. Her head came up and her eyes began to look less fearfully about the table. Adelle was studying her intently, as was I, though for the most part the conversation centered on the pet passions shared between Gregory and Adelle.

"Come on Adelle, Maigret's one of the greatest detectives in fiction. If you'd only read some more of Simenon's books you'd agree with me." Gregory punctuated his point with a flourish of his hand but Adelle only snorted and dismissed him with a wave of her fork.

"I like excitement in a mystery, my dear Gregory, and if I want psychoanalysis I can read Freud. Maigret just mopes around for 180 pages, eating his wife's soup, brooding in brasseries, and sucking on his pipe. Then the crook turns around the confesses the whole thing. Probably out of boredom I would imagine. I mean how much Parisian atmosphere can one take?"

**Oh, a marvelous girl, as long as you keep an eye on the silverware. A totally unreliable woman leaning on a totally reliable man...**

bandages. "I love you! I love you!" she wailed. Then two nurses brushed past me and took a firm hold of her. At their touch Elaine shrieked and struggled violently. Another nurse entered and asked us to leave. She was

Gregory sat up and leaned over the tossed salad. "I suppose you're idea of a great detective is that thug Marlow, or worse yet, Spenser!"

"Oh come on now, Spenser's great fun!"

"Spenser is an overmuscled troglodyte! I'd rather...."

"I read mysteries too," said Elaine in a small voice. Gregory and Adelle looked at her.

"You do?" said Gregory, puzzled.

"What sort of mysteries do you like, Elaine?" said Adelle, smiling innocently at her. Elaine shifted gaze about the table.

"Oh, all sorts really. I like Simenon, and.....uh, Agatha Christie. I've never really cared for Spenser's or Marlow's books."

"Philip Marlow's books?" Adelle asked the question in a soft, leading tone of voice. Gregory seemed embarrassed but Elaine didn't even look at him; she was beginning to feel pleased with herself.

"Yes, I think Marlow's quite over rated as a writer."

"Oh really," said Adelle, with a dangerous feline smile on her lips. Gregory was silently concentrating on his plate. Silence settled in deeply. Adelle took a long drink of wine and then reclined in her chair. Her glass was held high beside her cheek. She examined the glass in a distracted fashion and softly said, "Elaine, Gregory's told me that we have a mutual friend, Alan Reynolds." Elaine looked up from her plate and shook her bangs into her eyes.

"Yeah, I know Alan. He's a great guy." Adelle nodded her agreement and replied, "You must have been around last spring before he left on his trip to Spain." Elaine sat up in her chair and answered loud and fast.

"Yes, he talked on and on about that trip. I got a post card from Madrid last week. He's been to the bull-fights, just like Hemingway."

"How nice," said Adelle. Gregory squirmed in his chair. Adelle gave me a look that said, "See that?" She knew, as did Gregory and I, that Alan had been away for nearly a year and he'd gone to Italy, not Spain. In silence I cleared the table and took the dishes to the kitchen.

*Adelle (speaking of Elaine):*

*Oh, a marvelous girl, as long as you keep a sharp eye on the silverware. A totally unreliable woman leaning on a totally reliable man. Somehow one can always trust Gregory to find a rock upon which to smash his heart.*

*Gregory:*

*It came to me slowly how chaotic and untrustworthy she was. All her tragic tales, that I believed in so readily, I learned to be fabrications. She is a liar. Yet I know her well enough now to see how pathetic a girl hides behind those lies. She lies because she thinks that is how she'll keep my love and she drags me to bed because that is how she wants to ensure my lust....She frightens me.*

I stood on that autumn morning on Jarvis Avenue, breathing the sweet, crisp air and admiring the gracefully falling leaves. A squirrel rustled through the hedge beside me and bounded past to the sanctuary of a curbside tree. Up the trunk he scurried till he was perched on a branch high over my head. We regarded each other for a time in the quiet. Then up the street a door banged and I saw Gregory walking down the sidewalk to his house. He saw me and waved. I waited by the tree.

He was a small lean young man possessed of a nervous energy and piercing gaze. He wore an old school jacket that bagged at the shoulders and that had sleeves that hung nearer his knuckles than his wrists. On his head he had a woolly toque and on his hands gloves, though it was not so cold out. I could almost imagine a mother bundling him up before letting him out the door.

"Hello Ian," he said.

"Hi Greg." We shook hands. Gregory always offered his hand when he met people.

"You wanted to talk to me?"

"Yes I did....Shall we walk?" He stood back with his arm outstretched along the sidewalk.

"Sounds fine to me." We began walking. "Beautiful day," I said.

"Certainly is." He bounded ahead suddenly and snatched a fluttering leaf from the air. "I love autumn," he said, "You know it's probably all the years one spends in school that does it, but for me autumn is the season of new beginnings. I always have hope at this time of the year." He contemplated the leaf in his fingers.

"You have something important to tell me Greg?" He looked up, distracted, with a faint smile on his lips.

"Yes I suppose I do." He tossed the leaf away and began to blush. "I'm in love with an extraordinary young lady named Elaine Pierce." He then laughed happily and wrapped his arms about himself.

Adelle's first response to the news was a long whistle, descending in pitch. She was sprawled across the sofa, a bag of cookies at her elbow and a tattered copy of 'The Big

woman her chance. But you know how Gregory can be."

"He did manage to get this one into bed."

"Oh really? So now his problems really

### She lies because she thinks that is how she will ensure my love and she drags me to bed because she wants to ensure my lust... she frightens me.

Sleep' in her hand. When she wasn't in classes Adelle could normally be found in such a position. She said she found it good rest and relaxation after a hard day grappling with Melville, the great white whale, and the rest of the 'superhuman crew'. I've been living with her for two years now and love her despite the crumbs she leaves on the sofa cushions.

Her whistling concerto of amazement finished, she sat up.

"Well I'll be damned, Gregory got himself a floosie. How about that."

"My dear, we don't have any idea what sort of girl she is. Besides, what sort of word is 'floosie'? You've got to stop reading that hard-boiled trash." I sat beside her and took a cookie from the bag.

"Floosie's a perfectly good colloquialism. But I suppose you're right. We should give this

start. I wonder how he did it anyways. Probably sang her a sonnet or two and got horribly intense." She sighed heavily. "I wish he wouldn't try so hard. He worries me so. He's like a kid who insists on climbing trees even though his hands can scarcely reach the boughs." She tossed the Chandler aside and lay with her head on my lap, her eyes closed. I gently rubbed her forehead.

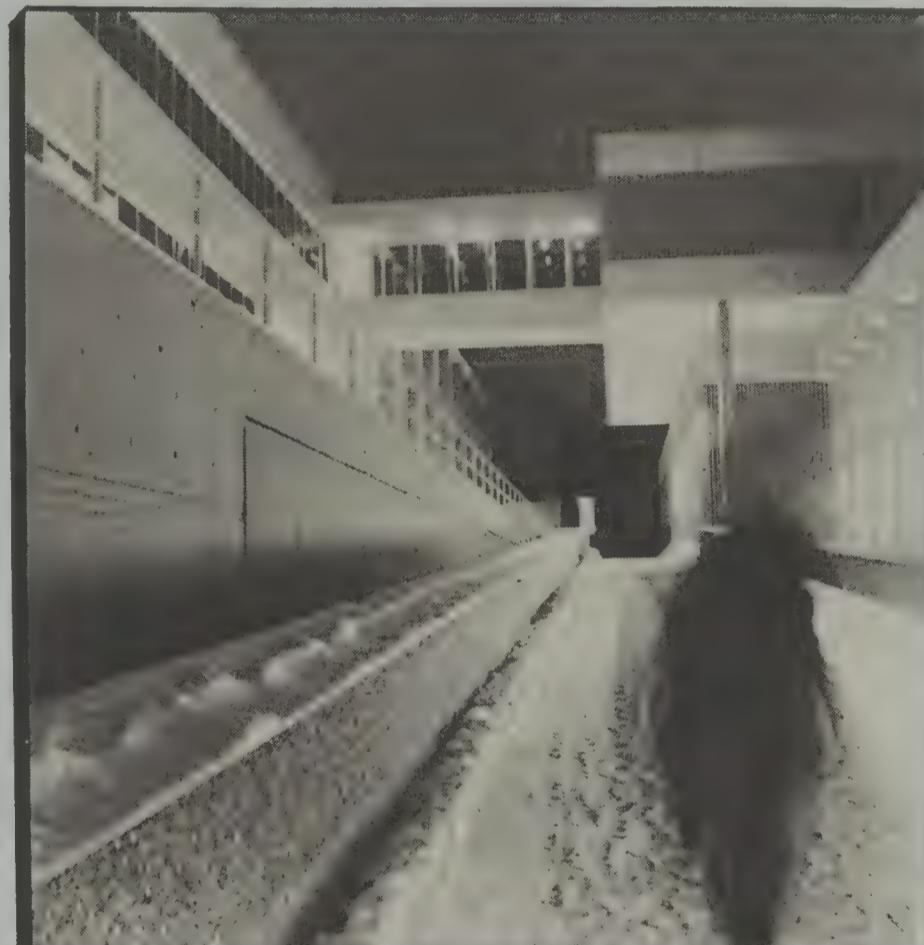
"He's an old friend, isn't he?" she said.

"Gregory?....Yes, I've known him since high school."

"I hope this works out well for him."

"So do I. Anyways we'll get a look at Elaine next Saturday. I've invited them over for dinner." Adelle took my hand and held it at her side.

"That will be nice. I'll give her the third degree while you're playing in the kitchen."



"Come on. Let's be kindly in our thoughts. She's probably a wonderful girl."

"Oh, you're always so god-damned fair, no fun at all."

*Adelle (to me):*

*You've been brooding over Gregory and his femme fatale as if he were you're only heir. Either adopt the hapless boy, Ian, or let him get on with his life. He's not your responsibility.*

*Gregory:*

*Her moods grew more and more violent and I found myself constantly frustrated as I tried to solve the mystery of what she wanted. As the mock-life of lies she had given me fell away in tatters we found baser and baser ground to hold common between us. Ours became a bond of lust, because she would not let me love her. Our bed stank of self-deception.*

*And then one night I came home to a silent house. I found her in the bathroom, laying in bath splattered with gore, the crimson razor still in her fingers. Her eyes were open but dull.*

*I have to leave her. I'm empty and I can give nothing more. I have to say good-bye.*

Gregory lay on my couch sleeping as Adelle and I watched over him. She turned to me.

"You can't do this forever, Ian." She was sitting taller and more resolute, her hands making emphatic gestures in the air. "Granted, Gregory needed support and rest tonight but if you let him he'll lean on you forever. We have...."

"No, I think you're wrong about that." I interrupted. She began to argue but then shut her mouth and sat quietly, waiting for me to elaborate.

"He's not so simple Adelle. He keeps a lot inside, out of sight. That's something I can sense in him. You wait and see. One night's sleep and he'll begin to pull himself together again. Whether I, or we, help doesn't really make a difference. He'd do it anyway, he doesn't quit. What was really devastating for him about Elaine was that he had to give up on her. He doesn't give up on people easily." I said this and wondered why it had taken me so long to realize these things. Somehow spoken aloud they seemed so self-evident. Adelle sat beside me and quietly pondered. I stroked her neck gently and after some time she looked up at me.

"Maybe I've underestimated the both of you," she said.

I shrugged and smiled, "It was a god-damned mess."

"And now it's over?" she asked.

"I think it is."

"Poor Elaine."

"Yes....poor Elaine."

The room was quiet for a time. Then we went to bed. In the morning we found Gregory gone, his blankets neatly folded on the chesterfield, and a note thanking us very sincerely for all we had done.

He's tall and he's thin, sharp nose, beady eyes, with an oily black mustache shaped like a frown. A black and white poncho, from what it looks like, is all that separates his neatly folded face from his dusty, sandaled feet.

Well, this confused cretin finds Belinda annoying, as he keeps missing his mouth when her dainty feet come too close to his plate. The whole thing, he thinks, is in very bad taste.

"Carramba!" he shouts, and spits on her dreams, using his straw and some kidney beans as a makeshift peashooter. She snarls and shouts as he picks off her pretensions, with laughter so taunting that she misses her beat. She starts feeling clumsy, and claws at the air, feeling so much like a freezing, freshly plucked chicken who finds out she can't fly that she notices the stares.

The others laugh and join in, spitting beans and shouting and running round her in a ring. Belinda screams. The dance becomes tribal, and they hoot and they holler and slobber, as the circle goes faster, gets wider, and the deadly kidney beans fly.

"Shut up," she spits out through clenched teeth, "you cactus, you pinhead, you prick!" These all rate, by the way, as the worst insults she knows.

This makes him angry, so he tries to kick her, but she lunges and bites off his toes.

"Well, there's no talking to someone like that," he decided. Then he turns, and finally goes. But he walks with a limp, leaving a thin trail of fresh guilt for her to follow should she ever begin to think straight.

After that, she gives up on dancing, and takes to playing with a large cellophane ball, which she confuses with the famous crystal

**Belinda the Bubble Dancer** Belinda loves to dance. It's the only thing she's ever wanted to do, and she does it better than anyone else. As a matter of fact, Belinda is the only known bubble dancer in the world. She invented it. Bubble dancing, Belinda's own peculiar art form, is what she does when she dances nude, not naked, while blowing bubbles made with a little plastic ring and a jar full of dish soap.

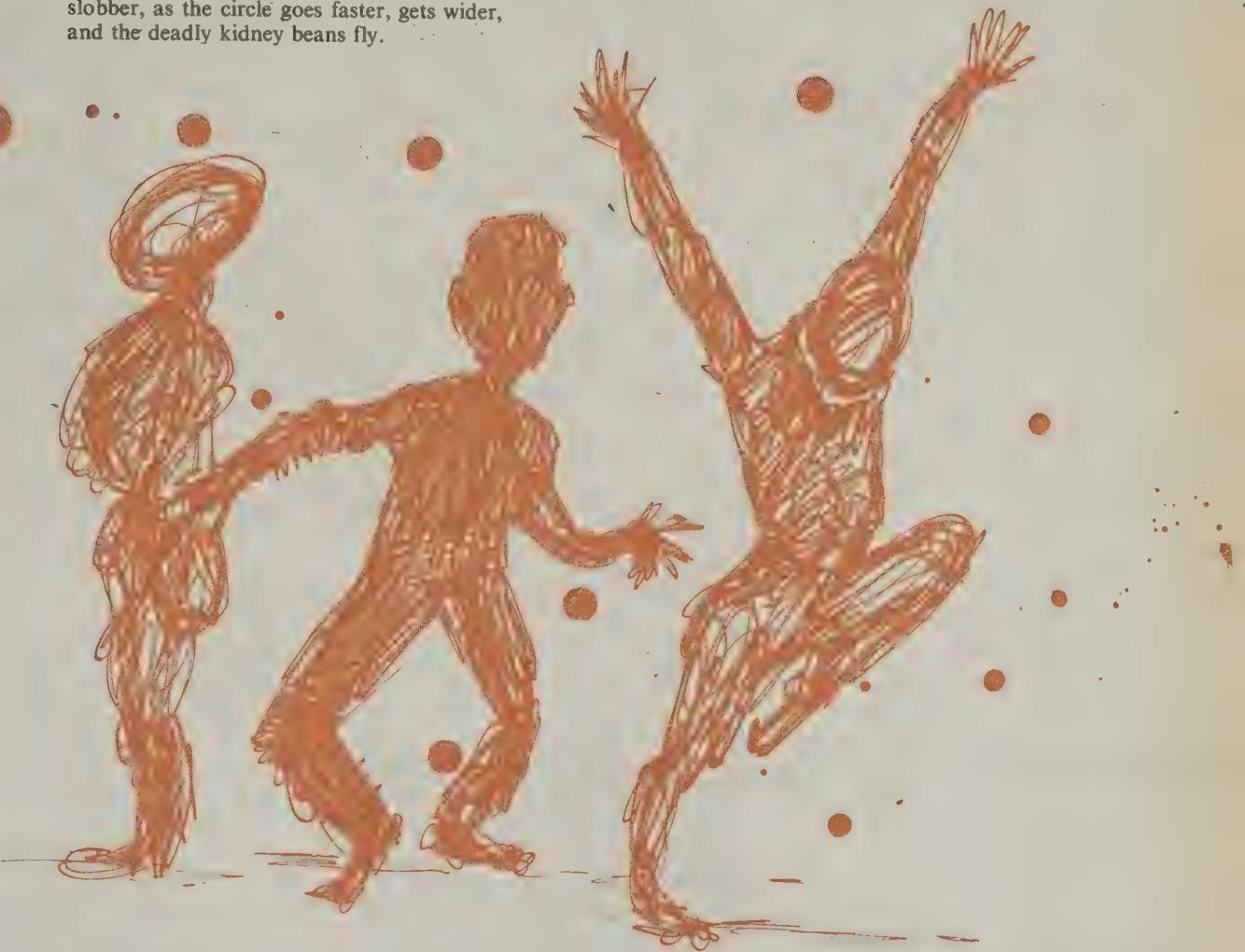
First, she drops her clothes to the ground, then purses her lips and blows the first bubble away, like a kiss. They float up, then waft and dip down, to land safe on her skin.

Belinda could be a live Christmas tree, decorated with billions of glowing, clear and yet colored breakable balls that shimmer when she sways in the wind. Waving her arms as she does never hurts all her layers and layers of pumping, breakable hearts, that quiver all the same as she moves with a gangly, yet graceful flop-flying of limbs. She becomes, as she spins, an immense, flashing diamond, a crystallized rainbow shooting off colored sparks, tinted from behind from Belinda's pink skin.

The happiest day of her life, she thought, was when she found out she could actually get paid for dancing the dance of a thousand dreams.

And so, that is how the Cha-Cha Taco Bar and Grill becomes known, after Belinda steps in, as the first fast food joint in the world with a stripper. They've found the system really works well, because the bumps and grinds are timed just long enough for her to bounce off a few tables and then into the back room before all her bubbles start to plick and plop off. This gives some starving wolf with huge greedy eyes time to tackle a taco and beer while whistling and staring at Belinda's young body through bubbles, while he salivates to the beat of the music, unaware of the hot sauce dribbling down his chin.

So in bounces Belinda, onto the front counter, skipping and twirling and tripping and swirling her long curly hair encrusted with bubbles, in the usual way. She circles slowly, almost floating at first, then spins faster, jumping up and around, never touching down. She hops blithely over the paper plates and plastic cups, steps nimbly between the elbows connected to lip-smacking gringos who call out and clap loudly, spraying food all around. The glittering crystal cocoon protects her from all the leering red eyes. So she laughs and continues to dance. And all goes well — she's an unusual talent, so the manager never fails to slide her cheque under her dressing-room door, and provides the lustre-glow dish soap, which says nothing at all about tips — until the day that the man with the mustache comes in to try a chile surprise.



"Please, no!" she shouts, afraid that they'll burst all her bubbles.

"But not now," she shrieks, as all her happy-maybeday hopefuls pop off.

So she falls, deflated and naked, down to the ground, and lies whimpering and snorfling into the back of her hand. Exposed, she feels like a heavy and huge shapeless lump, burbling and sputtering and frying in her own ugly fat.

"It's for your own good," says the man with the meat sauce covered mustache severely, "now go on living instead!"

With that, her features prepare for attack: chin drawn up, eyebrows pulled down. Her whole rubbery face is gathered tight and scrunched up into her nose, so that she looks like a balloon tied too tight, about to explode, if her sharpened stare pokes through.

kind. So now, she always runs away from what she thinks she sees coming. It's only if she's sure no one else is around that she'll strip off her clothes, and dance the old dream.

Like all crazed helium addicts, if you look at her wrong, she might snap at your toes. She's quite utterly mad, it's a pity, but she's really quite harmless. She keeps hoping, however, that one day her head will burst open, explode in a puffy cloud of pink smoke.

"Then," she says to herself once again, "Yes, then I can float off the lips of the breeze, like a kiss, and finally dream."

## Belinda the Bubble Dancer

by Melanie Klimchuck

**The English Professor****Part I****Words**

frothing at the mouth  
flowing down chin  
and dripping over beard  
splashing students  
with slopping wet  
phlegm  
to endless ambiguity.

Wally Riemer

**Blessed Are We**

Ask not for whom the doorbell tolls  
when smiling salesmen come to call  
Or cars in swirling torrents flow  
And Safeway aisles stand well-patrolled  
By housewives seeking pop and chips  
and freshener for the toilet bowl

Nor ask for whom the hooker struts  
And fat men lounge at barroom tables  
Or gutters lie littered with cigarette butts,  
Serious golfers practice their putts,  
Psychiatrists gather and classify nuts  
with hifalutin labels

The doorbell tolls, the golfer puts  
The housewives shop and traffic flows  
The gutters gather up their butts  
The hooker eyes the fat men's guts  
The shrinks play shell games with the nuts  
for someone, I suppose

Jens Andersen

**Sahara**

Dunes are long that gather and swipe  
The ruins of time, held by crystalline might;  
Her hips surmount the hearty life,  
the sucking of the vapourless strife,  
the tracks she engraves, return like  
twisted twigs set to burn;  
Marches the millions across the tombs,  
Setting forward the allied platoons,  
To unearth the worded Bliss  
That gives birth' to our living Synthesis.

Ricka Scheie

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# GRACE UNDER PRESSURE

The tavern air smelled of cigarette smoke and compacted humanity. I didn't recognize anybody in the collage of faces.

"Bill!" I said, trying to keep my voice at a low pitch. He couldn't hear me.

"Bill!" I said again. I kept my jaws rigid and forced his name out.

My call was lost amidst the clamor of boozy conversation and clinking glasses. My friend surveyed the bar and motioned me to a vacant table. I followed, sticking my hands in my pockets and attempting a disinterested yawn.

I sat down and hunched forward. My finger found a cigarette burn in the red terry cloth table covering. Tammy Wynette was howling away on the jukebox, beseeching all women to stand by their men.

## I SEALED MY NASAL PASSAGE, FORCED THE FIRST GLASSFUL DOWN AND BEGAN ON THE SECOND.

A fight was starting a few tables away from us. Two Indians were grappling with each other. They had knocked over their chairs and were about to start swinging.

I couldn't seem to catch my breath. I sat and smiled stupidly. We were still minors.

Bill straightened his left leg carefully. He played hockey five nights a week and bursitis was beginning to claim his knees. He sat back and grinned. He loved this place.

The waiter spotted and moved toward us. Bill held up six fingers, indicating that we required a half-dozen draught beer. The waiter stared at me for a moment and moved on.

People seemed to be enjoying themselves, quaffing beer after the day's work. A lot of the

men were wearing lumberjack shirts with down-filled vests and baseball caps that had MACK TRUCK, STELCO and CATERPILLAR patches on them. Most of the women had on community league jackets with name tags sewn onto the right sleeve below the shoulder. Some of them were sporting lacquered hair-styles.

Our waiter returned and unloaded six tall glasses of yellowish fluid. I averted my face as he continued to scrutinize me. Finally, he took our money and left. I sat back, exhausted.

By now the fight was over. The bouncers had evicted the combatants and someone had rearranged the chairs and cleared their table.

The beer tasted awful.

I sealed my nasal passage, forced the first

He took a swig of beer, held it in his mouth for an instant and swallowed.

"I skate like hell after him. He drops it for me about twenty feet in front of the net!"

"Well," he snickered, "I put everything I had into the shot. Then all hell breaks loose! The next thing I know the red light's flashin' and everyone is jumping all over me! Their goalie is looking all over the place! He never even saw it go in!"

"Jesus," he sighed.

More beer arrived. Bill finished another glass and then rose to relieve himself. I marvelled at his sober air as he manoeuvred around tables, chairs and people. I got up to follow, vainly imitating his poise. He stopped for an instant to look down at his untied running shoe and then walked straight into the women's can.

I was too far behind. The damage was done by the time I rescued him.

## THE FUNERAL

It was twenty degrees below zero and clear. For his wedding, it would have been ideal winter weather. The church was crowded. Someone told me later that more than 400 people were there.

I was sitting up at the front with the other pall-bearers, so the only time I got a really good look at all the long faces was after the service, when we wheeled the coffin up the aisle.

I recognized most of them: businessmen, students, the odd football player; a couple of media people, girlfriends, teammates, high school teachers, parents. Everybody was there.

I sat in the front seat of the limousine on

the way to the cemetery, watching the hearse up ahead and squirming in a suit that was too small for me. Police escorts were stopping traffic.

The driver handed me the funeral register. I signed carefully. I wanted people to be able to read my name afterwards.

My sunglasses dug into the bridge of my nose when I got out of the limousine. The pain in my throat meant a cold was coming.

The corpse jarred from side to side when we luggered the casket to the graveside. My back was hurting like hell.

I listened to the minister's mail-order benediction. My toes were freezing. They should have had me do it. I had known him better than anyone.

## Stories by Ron Pascoe

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Erosion

## London Revisited Without You

There are no motels  
No open doors  
No neon lights  
Only caves of ancient temples  
On the walls posters of snow

There are no crowns on king's road  
No shirts  
No umbrellas  
No crosses on the queen's heart  
No flags on this gypsy face

Only a shoelace and roads to take  
When penniless courage  
Hopelessly flows out of my eyes  
Staring at ticket  
On a train for Dover.

Chicken shit in the grass  
Red clay dust in the driveway  
Grandpa spitting at the edge of the lawn  
Tobacco rolling down the hill  
Leaves of livid green  
unfurled banners of the fertile land.

I listened to the creak of the porch swing  
in the muggy heat of the day,  
chickens scratching in the dust,  
the cool cricket sound of the night,  
cicadas vibrating in the locust  
whippoorwills calling from the swallowing dark  
of the woods across the road.

A world of mystery  
all washed away in that river of time.  
Memories like the stones in the creek beds  
worn smooth by each year's watery flow  
fitting to the soles of the feet  
slick with the red clay silt.  
the land too washing out with the summer's rain.  
Pettit's Fork  
run dry by summer's end  
only mute stones left,  
sun-bleached road in the  
honeysuckle vine woods.

Angela Wheelock

Wisp, willow and pond  
Down the memory I pass along  
Wisps of fog float as a song  
Down the memory that grows as a bond  
Between the past and me  
Futures ever crowding pace  
Stretches out beyond my face  
And even yet I do not see  
Within this present time I'm trapped  
Both sides reflect within my core  
And shimmer just too far off to make the score  
Knowing all things come together before they are mapped  
Wisp, willow and pond  
The wind blows and the willows bend  
Night falls and the wisps blend  
Only truth cements the bond  
And time passes  
Paths crossed and recrossed  
Etched horizons scan across my sight  
Warmth and beauty flow from deep within  
Over the cold and dark  
Flowered, with petals fallen  
Deeds come back to find  
Intentions and compare  
Yes within this present time  
I'm trapped  
And yet I am free  
Wisp, willow and pond  
Down the memories I will pass among  
That will hold me as a bond  
Between the past and you

The Dreamer

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**DATE:** March 29th  
**PLACE:** 270A S.U.B.  
**TIME:** 3:00 pm. - 8:00 pm.

All interested students welcome.  
Room 278 - Student Union Building  
University of Alberta

### Progressive Insanities of a Student

I.  
He sat  
a point on a sheet of blank paper  
Let me out!

II.  
He tried to write  
words he could not (and should not)  
understand.

III.  
At night  
the ideas pattered across his roof  
Nothing is staying in.

IV.  
By daylight  
he procrastinated  
This is not order  
but the absence of order  
His mind: weeds of forests.

V.  
For many years  
he fished for a vision  
It was like enticing whales  
with a paper clip.

VI.  
If he had known:  
he wouldn't have to know  
what he knows  
is the knowledge of knowing  
something unknown to all  
except those with  
the knowledge of knowing  
what there is to know  
about knowledge  
(and doesn't that word look funny)

VII.  
Things escaped him  
and he thought  
about wolves and beaches  
and tensions between subject and object  
and green whales and red whales  
and big whales and small whales  
and water washing on the beach  
on an island in the ocean  
and a square foot area on that beach against  
which the water from the ocean hit the land  
and a pebble in that area on the beach  
on the island in the ocean (which sent  
water on the beach)  
and a grain of sand on that pebble  
in that area on the beach where the  
water washed onto sent by the ocean  
which attacked the island constantly.  
And a wind which  
carried the sand  
away from the pebble, the square foot area,  
the beach, the island,  
and the ocean.

Wally Riemer



third year safari

we are hunting 9s  
in this burning jungle 9s buried  
up to their necks like ticks  
along the river  
or feeding with the lion pride  
hides stinking  
like warm glue this jungle is  
dark & dripping  
with 9s we have seen tracks  
traced in offal near the village  
caught their sour scent  
on the breeze  
heard them rooting  
with pigs in the potato pile  
throats wide & ready  
for the knife  
we will set traps  
on that crawling jungle floor  
hang rotten meat in the clearing  
drag the blood-stained carcass  
path to path  
then wait with flies  
in our ears eyes  
watering as the sun wilts this valley  
curdles mud in the stream  
burns us blind  
but there are 9s  
in the jungle & they are something  
to hunt for

P. Morgan

## RIGHT ON TIME

### By James McKinlay

On waking that morning, I realized that I was really glad to be alive. Usually I'd taken everything for granted but this particular morning I could not help noticing the amazing human subconscious. I had been getting up at 7 am for a month and this morning I awoke before my alarm sounded. The human alarm clock had gone off. All I can say is that I was in awe of the human mind.

Anticipating my first class, I was confident that I could handle any topic. But in English one can never tell. The professor drew the class into an evaluation of the meaning of life. This was in response to the novel we were taking up. I had not read it. It seems the author suffered from an identity crisis. The book was about his struggle to find himself, and his own little niche in the world, and nothing was. I mean, he tried everything, and found opportunity, but it was never for him. He just did not fit in anywhere. So instead he strove for clarity of meaning in all aspects of life. The class was confused. They would only relate to the purpose and destiny in their own lives, not realizing how they had arrived there. Myself? I was totally lost. I felt hopeless. What was my purpose? Could I only function as an alarm

clock? Did the author ever reach any conclusions? I thought it might be true that a mysticism clouds all purpose. What about destiny? Nothing seems destined except death and even that is one giant lotto draw in the sky, each individual having only one chance in four billion to win....or lose.

Stumbling out of class, my head in a cloud, I maneuvered through corridors guided by some basic instinct to get where I was going.

Chemistry class.

That idea of plodding, lumbering science snapped me from my haze. That's it! Laid out like the black and white checkered floor on which I walked was the simple structured logic of the universe, where every square had its assigned slot. All the confusion had been neatly ordered and by human hands yet! Even the power of the universe, summarized in a handful of human symbols, E mc<sup>2</sup>. Everything had purpose. It had all been arranged.

I stood off to the side of the hallway, enlightened by the checkered floor. I heard myself mutter the words 'coo-coo'. It was two o'clock.



## A NEW YEAR'S WEEK TO REMEMBER — 1984

By Barry Steeves

My yearning to be with the mountains had overcome me again. It was 8:00 a.m. New Year's Day, on the bus bound for Banff. I'd partied harshly just hours before, but only the desire to ski-mountaineer to Mt. Assiniboine (Matterhorn of the Canadian Rockies) filled my thoughts. Forget about being tired, sleepiness isn't conducive to good times anyway.

Still full of energy, I was really making tracks. It was a balmy -10°C, and my attention was focused on the rhythmical gliding of my skis. That rhythm soon developed into stumbling, as my ski tips would dive into the fluffier snows. I knew I would experience unconsolidated snow, but this was ridiculous. At times, the skis were a metre under, when I'd suddenly stop and wonder whether I'd lost them for good. Fixed on continuing, you'd have seen me like some primitive dinosaur plodding along through the swamps.

Climbing up the first obstacle wasn't so bad. Quartz Ridge (2500m) was just warming me up. During its descent, I was even a little reserved from just shooting down; you just have so much control with cross-country skis. I let gravity do most of the work as I breezed over the somewhat crusty snow. Then down I went, in a long, drawn out fall. The thin crust gave in like thin lake ice, and I splashed in a sort of belly flop, but my face hit first.

To tolerate my head being drilled a metre under was one thing, but trying to wrestle an uncooperative 30 kg. backpack off of me was quite another. I began to think such episodes quite funny, and I would just laugh at myself. It was the only way to put up with it 'cause it happened a lot more than just once.

The vastness of this alpine terrain was humbling, with each ski stride melting into another in such a way that the only perception of progress was the slight shifting in the position of the mountains. Their rocky heads stared down on me. They seemed to be brooding, as if I was trespassing their country and peace. Up above, someone else had turned the dark cloud machine onto fastforward, and night descended quickly.

It had become routine by now: to make a suitable tenting site meant rolling around in the snow. By the time things had settled, I had a metre deep depression firm enough for my tent. Once inside the shelter, my cold and aching fingers would fumble around trying to unfasten frozen boots, gaiters, and everything else. Then I'd dive into my waiting sleeping bag and shake into near-orgasmic warmth.

Awoken by a thunderous clap, my tent collapsed to a mass of wet snow. I just laid there, listening to the chinook winds pick up. It would gently sound like nearby roaring surf, or at times the scream of revved jet engines. That night was coming alive.

Come morning, I barely kept my cool; everything was sopping wet, and the site was in ruins. It took a great deal of time and energy to pack up, and I wasn't off until 10 a.m. The breaking and establishing of camp each day was a constraint on my daily progress, for daylight at this time of year, and at these latitudes, is a scarce commodity.

Valley of the Rocks was just ahead, but all I could see of this world were the tips of my skis. Everything else was white white white.

Nevermind the snow bombarding my face, I couldn't see any slopes, bumps, or ridge lines in the terrain, couldn't make out sky from snow, and couldn't even see whether I was skiing on an incline or decline. You could never overuse the word white out there, as it overwhelms your senses into a hypnotic state.

The sky and ground were one with me, like some lone speck of color suspended in a world of cotton fluff.

I was way behind schedule and the going was extremely slow. I didn't know too much about avalanche danger signs, but I did recognize that enormous quantities of wet snow accompanied with strong winds do not a stable snowmass make. Although I couldn't see them then, I knew steep slopes were all around me.

I had to question what I was doing there, and the doubts set in. I wasn't up to it; the conditions had overtaken me. I trained my eyes to my compass while making my way according to my topographical map. She was taking me back home.

The ground's dense snow hoar was excruciatingly difficult to cover, with trail breaking up the steep slopes most demanding of all. It was still a long two or three day trek back, and I still had to get myself out of there!

After two days of white-out, the weather quickly cleared as quickly as it had come. The sun was nice, but this guy was soaked to the bone. When in my sleeping bag, it felt as if I'd peed the bed. Everything was at least sticky, and yet I managed to appreciate the warmth of wearing wet mitts when I laid there trying to sleep. Along with restless sleeps, I'd have the strangest of vivid dreams. And no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't imagine lying in my warm, dry waterbed waiting at home. I knew I would be there quite soon though. My body and mind were insisting!

Sure those mountains personified strength and timelessness, but I was feeling the presence of something else. Those snows high above those gorges were getting restless too. At times my skis seemed getting pressed together, and around me the snow surface would crack. Compelled towards me? I didn't want to stick around to find out.

Looking up and about was awful. Everything seemed so quiet and heavy. Off in the opposite direction for an alternate route, I'd give them the benefit of the doubt.

After six days, I had gone out and come back again. After thirty five kilometres of uncompromising terrain, I was again back to the Sunshine ski slopes. It was familiar turf, with the welcome sounds of energetic people screaming and yelling their skiing delight. I too skied those slopes, but more like some hunchbacked Abominable Snowman. I was really feeling satisfied though.

During my ski, little time was devoted to thinking of this new year and term at university ahead. I had intended to contemplate my growth, while resolving to be more intense and concentrate more. I'm led to believe that that trek provides the fertile ground to all that and more, in its very spiritual sense.

*There is no success like failure,  
and failure's no success at all*

-Dylan

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# Employment Opportunities

## with your Students' Union

### Commissioners

#### Clubs Commissioner

- Represents the interests of Students' Union registered clubs on Students' Council
- Assists the Vice-President Internal Affairs in maintaining an ongoing relationship with Students' Union registered clubs
- Promotes cooperation and coordination among student clubs and organizations, and assists them in the preparation of budgets for requests of financial assistance to the Students' Union
- Approves the chartering and registration of clubs with the Students' Union in accordance with Bylaw 1100
- Serves as a member of the Administration Board, the Building Services Board, Students' Council
- Acts as co-chairperson of the Clubs Council

#### Academic Commissioner

- Assists the Vice-President Academic in the investigation of current academic issues and developments
- Promotes cooperation and coordination among faculty associations and departmental clubs, and assists them in the preparation of budgets for submission to the Academic Affairs Board
- Serves as a member of the Academic Affairs Board, the Council of Faculty Association, Students' Council, and the General Faculties Council Student Caucus

#### Housing and Transport Commissioner

- Assists the Vice-President External Affairs with programmes relating to housing and transportation concerns of students
- Serves as chairperson of the Housing and Transport Commission
- Investigates Government and University programmes of housing and transportation of concern to students
- Serves as a member of the External Affairs Board and Students' Council

#### External Commissioner

- Assists the Vice-President External Affairs in the investigation of problems relating to the funding of the University and its effects on students; and accessibility of post-secondary education, and specifically the effects on tuition fees, student aid, and differential fees on accessibility.
- Assists the Vice-President External Affairs in the organization and implementation of programmes designed to combat these problems, as well as promotes a high level of student awareness of these problems and programmes
- Serves as a member of the External Affairs Board, and Students' Council

#### Chief Returning Officer

##### Responsibilities:

- Performs the duties normally required by a Chief Returning Officer (staff recruitment and hiring, organization of polls, et cetera)
- Conducts elections in accordance with Bylaw 300 for such elections or referenda as designated by Students' Council

##### Qualifications:

- Must possess excellent organizational and administrative skills
- Familiarity with previous Students' Union elections a definite asset
- Computing knowledge desirable

**Remuneration:** \$6.00 per Hour

#### Housing Registry Director

##### Responsibilities:

- Recruits and hires the support staff for the Housing Registry
- Oversees the proper functioning of the Housing Registry and the fulfillment of its purpose
- Coordinates and publicizes the Housing Registry
- In conjunction with the Vice-President Finance and Administration, prepares the preliminary and final budgets for the Housing Registry
- Ensures the Housing Registry operates within those budgetary limits

**Remuneration:** \$900 per Month, 1 May 1984 to 31 August 1984  
1 September 1984 to 30 April 1985, \$6.00 per Hour

#### 2 Student Ombudspersons

The Student OmbudsService is the Students' Union office that represents and advises students on academic appeals, grievances, and complaints against the Students' Union. Each Ombudsman must be familiar with the appeal process and the workings of the Students' Union.

**Remuneration:** \$300 per Month

**Term of Office for One Ombudsman:**

1 May 1984 to 30 April 1985

**Term of Office for Other Ombudsman:**

1 September 1984 to 30 April 1985

Please specify  
position sought.

#### Handbook and Directory Editor

##### Responsibilities:

- Responsible for the organization and publication of the 1984-85 Student Handbook and the Student Telephone Directory
- Duties include updating and revising, amending, adding to each publication, and the preparation (camera-ready) of both the Handbook and the Directory

**Remuneration:** \$1,500.00 Honorarium

#### Summer Times Editor

- To write, edit, and publish the Spring and Summer Session students' weekly paper
- To solicit/collect advertising for the paper

**Remuneration:** \$1,500 plus Commissions

**Term of Office:** Spring and Summer Sessions, 1 May 1984 to 30 August 1984.

#### Exam Registry Director

##### Responsibilities:

- Maintaining and updating records of examinations
- Securing and supervising support staff for the Exam Registry
- In conjunction with the Vice-President Finance and Administration, prepares the preliminary and final budgets for the Exam Registry
- Ensures the Exam Registry operates within those budgetary limits

**Remuneration:** \$6.00 per Hour

**Term of Office:** 1 May 1984 to 30 April 1985 (unless otherwise stipulated)

**Deadline for Applications:** Friday, 30 March 1984 at 4:00 p.m.

**For Applications and Information, Contact**

the SU Executive Offices,

Room 259 SUB. Phone 432-4236

## Carnage and Glass



Of all the places on campus that bodies can fall, the neatest would be through the roof of HUB mall, watching someone you hate burst through the shower of glass splinters and bent metal rods, still screaming and kicking all the way down. The dull, solid thud of one heavy body would contrast very nicely, I think, with the jangled, skittering echoes, and when it happened, for an instant, all screaming would stop with that one final thud.

# # # # #

But now some silly young body decides to bloody the windows on Rutherford 3rd. Still, the effect isn't bad. In fact, the echo is better.

Gaping, glassy eyes fish stand all around sputtering, carelessly breaking the silence that followed that beautiful fall. I push through their soft bodies to get to the stairs. Their defenses thus weakened, I could attack from behind, but instead, I look, too. The shape: unnatural and angular, but in limp, fluid form.

Queasy vultures fight for a view from where it took flight and a half dozen fledglings are dropped from the nest. They land unsuccessfully, for all their flailing and squawking. Some though, survive, and to prove this, they moan.

# # # #

Later, I see Rapunzel sitting in RATT. She stands up to smash her chair through the window, then drops on her knees. With one long, jagged shard, she slices her belly, then gently scoops out the entrails and lets them unwind their way down to the courtyard below. Her lover tries hard to grab hold and climb up, but the guts are too slippery, and slide through his hands. He knows that they shrink and curl up when exposed to the air. So he waits, for too long.

# # #

Long crystalline daggers of ice hang from the top edge of the building. Their cold, brittle beauty comes to a violent end, not allowed to melt slowly, or soften and mold into one warmer shape. They glitter at first, but the sun burns too brightly, so they shiver and snap and then batter themselves on cement far below. The ice melts in slow agony before other footsteps move by, so no one else knows what was there, or sees the waste when it's gone. Only muddied puddles of carnage remain, pools of watery blood.

# #

A glass holding a drink can be thrown at mirrors to keep imposters from staring. I want to throw mine, but then everyone else would know she was there. So, I allow her to mock me, smooth and intact, while I stand dismembered and ravaged and rotting inside.

No bloodshed this time. Grisly remains from the loveliest maulings and self-mutilations are more easily hidden when the corpse is alive. But the smell, when it rises, can still burn your eyes.

by Melanie Klimchuk



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## They

They took my heart . . . and gave it to you . . .  
and they told me . . . dreams no longer come true . . .

They heard me scream in the darkest of the night . . .  
as they held me back with all their might . . .

They refused to feed me when I was dying . . .  
instead . . . I watered a flower with my crying . . .

But . . . they let me hear the music of the wind and waves  
as they plunged me on the sharp flaming staves . . .

They took me to the top of the mountain . . .  
only to look . . . not to drink . . . from the golden fountain . . .

and still . . . I am dry . . .  
and all I can ask is . . . oh God why?

They know my mind . . .  
as if . . . they were of my own lonely kind . . .

And they whispered in my ear . . .  
words . . . that engulfed me with sadness and fear . . .

And all I was asking . . .  
was for you . . . to embrace my love . . . everlasting . . .

And as I stood in the softness . . .  
of the morning dawn - so blue . . .

The demons just danced and danced . . .  
in my view . . .

I knocked on the gates of hell . . .

I heard the tolling doom of the . . . bell . . .

But still . . .  
they refused to let me in and let me be . . .

Because . . . they are . . .  
you and me . . .

Maan Saad

## U.

I could be eating,  
Dying,  
Making love,  
Immersed in auto-destruction,  
Smiling,  
Hollow-eyed,  
Pale,  
But I am entrapped in the winding echoes  
Of the soft intellectual pandering  
From travelled men's mouths  
Their minds softened from being kicked about.

Johnny Housez

## Jasper Avenue

My way is down there  
Where Jasper Avenue ends  
Between buildings hiding western skies  
Under a tepid sun sick of amnesia

My way is down there  
Where falling rays hit the brow  
And kids' voices fade away  
Among toys in the backyard

For I am free to dream  
Under whitened clouds  
As if I were another dwarf  
Playing dice in the woods

My way is down there  
Where Jasper Avenue turns  
And the sky is not sky any longer  
Behind ads of southern holidays.

Silvano Zamato

## 26th Floor

Day after day  
Writing poems  
Facing windy mornings  
From a concrete balcony  
On the 26th floor

You came along  
Washed out bones  
A hand full of dust  
Sniffing nights away  
From behind watery eyes

You came along  
Pale butterfly  
With pages of questions  
On where the sun lives  
Where seasons go at night

Day after day  
Lying on pink cushions  
Breathing deep by the balcony  
Waiting for dazzling judgements  
On virgin poems never written

You were younger then  
I was too  
In the indigo night  
Waiting for the ceiling to collapse  
On our dried out brains.

Silvano Zamaro



## Policy Machine

Twirling Twilight heaven's Doom  
spiralling backwards M.E.<sup>1</sup> plume,  
"Ich bin Nicht" dead  
Goose step leather shed  
in cockpit sun; Red  
That stains my very mind,  
Sights set the ground to find,  
Skin burns and blood spurts  
engine yurns to find it's turn.  
The land has formed like clay  
on wheel, face I see  
where children play  
The eyes are wet  
Where I yell.

<sup>1</sup> Messerschmitt 109 single seater fighter  
World War II used by Germany

Ricka Scheie

## One Afternoon

The steam rose from her open mouth as all the words she wanted to say froze in her throat and floated away in the winter air. In the silence that followed his request she scrutinized his bowed head and his painfully thin body as it leaned forward in hopeful anticipation. Perceiving his almost worshipful stance, she wondered how he would take it if he knew how violently she despised him. So she paused, her mouth hanging and her ideas condensing in a steamy fog around her face as she valiantly searched for a way to break the news gently. Her annoyance increased as she realized with mounting apprehension that there was nothing she could say that would not hurt his feelings. He would cry, or scream, she felt positive he would stop at no ends to exact what he wanted from her. Perhaps he would threaten her life.

"I despise you violently," she announced, pleased with herself for having solved the problem in the mire of danger. His eyes turned to her face and stared for a moment in bewilderment, then he turned and trudged off in quest of a magazine stand that would sell him a paper.

C. Rozenboom

Students' Union

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	4 - 10 pm.
Fri.	8 am. - 12 pm. (noon)
Sun.	10 am. - 10 pm.

Check Gateway for next week's Special . . .



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free of charge for the period 1 May 1984 to 31 August 1984. Please fill out the application below (including proof of staff status) and mail to:

Graduate Students' Association  
206 North Power Plant  
Campus

Name ..... Address .....

Phone Number(s) ..... Staff I.D.# .....

Signature .....

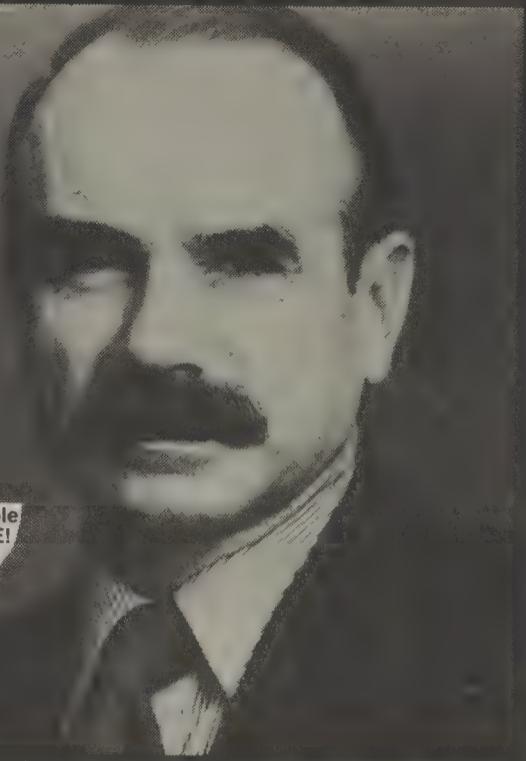
(please provide a photocopy of your staff I.D. card)

Restaurant open to public Mon. to Fri. 9 am - 3 pm  
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**Salary:** Room & Board provided.  
**Counsellors** (May 2 - Aug. 28) - \$25/day,  
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**Specialists** (April 27 - Aug. 28) - \$30/day,  
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## Editors Wanted

The Gateway is accepting applications for the various editorial positions as follows:

**News**  
**News**  
**Entertainment**  
**Sports**  
**Managing**  
**Circulation**  
**Advocate/CUP**  
**Production**

If you are interested in any of the above positions, please submit a brief letter of intent to Gilbert Bouchard in Room 282 SUB, or call 432-5168.

**Deadline extended to 3 p.m.**  
**on March 29, 1984**

seek refuge  
among the trees  
escape the city  
lose self in the bush  
listen to birds  
marvel at dry weeds  
the autumn air

walk further

over the hill

the ravine fields  
stop

concrete towers  
again

follow streets sidewalks  
trace the way home

Janet Mowers

in front of me  
sits a little boy with a toy gun  
with his mother and brother  
his father across from them

a family outing

i scream guns kill  
(inside) i scream  
guns kill  
inside  
inside

unconcerned the bus moves on

Janet Mowers

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Custom-made designs  
Of a novice  
Too wise to be adept

Rustles of images—  
Of thought and  
Confusion

One on one—  
Barely threaded to  
Exude haste

Savour the sight—  
The designs of a  
Creator just

Passing  
the time.

Ben Murray



### Maison d'Hommes

We walk from the sunset into the dark.  
This dark, well lit, contains the gentle minds  
Of men who live half-truths, who strike a mark  
Upon me, rending the membrane that blinds  
Most men's eyes to the meaning of true love.  
This house was only made dark by my fears;  
Your warm hands and soft voice slaughter fears, love.

And yes, my eyes and throat are filled with tears,  
For now I know. You love your gentle friend.  
Years from now, you say, I may have your heart,  
And now we no longer need to pretend  
You and I would be better off apart.  
Now I know you're flesh and bone, not steel;  
You and this house have taught me how to feel.

Gay Hollingshead

### Returning Song

We stood aloft on cliffs of fragile shale  
and saw the flow of storms, whose angry wail  
would shake green hills and lonely cairns of stone  
whose lairds, once strong, have vanished to the bone

Then in our hearts did wake an awesome fear  
of martyred strength and coward's taunting jeers  
that flow of storm should break the mighty boards  
which held our final vanguard 'gainst the Hordes

And skyward rose the violent storm of hate  
while murky clouds obscured its pointless fate;  
it swirled and fought against itself in fright  
yet was proclaimed as bearer of the light

Down on the ground, below that vulgar sky  
no safety was availed; the criers lie  
and lead the peasants from the warming fire  
till hapless, floundered in the trackless

Eleven hopefuls fought above the slough  
great were the efforts of that motley crew

they turned their vengeful strength towards our stone  
hence breaking down the watchers' lonely home

This high precipice, whereupon we sat  
was built on shifting sands of ancient pact;  
the stamp of power was a thing of life  
yet still illused by long ignoble strife

Oft times before, this pedestal had bent  
before the weight of winds from chaos sent;  
now sky and ground, united, offered fight  
and ultimate was final murky night

Weak are the bonds which hold our strengths aloft  
and dying, with defenses going soft  
there is no honor in our numerous lords;  
their fight for glory fails against the Hordes

Now, standing in the rubble of the stone  
the wind was heard to make a wistful moan:  
"Man must be taught as if you taught him not  
and things unknown proposed as things forgot."

Gunnar

**The Inside Passage**  
Aug. 18, 1983

I was camping among the evergreen trees high above the bay. That northern tip of Vancouver Island had shared many a beautiful, calm day. I would do nothing but watch the eagles glide by, there between the legs of my journey. Then camp was finally packed up and headed off, and once on the ferry, I was off to the Inside Passage. I was free and heading up north again, to the wilds of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Reflecting back on that voyage proves most effortless to me, it's so vivid....that ship....that day....the sun burns hot off the waters today, and mountains rise in all directions. It's an inspirational sight watching islands drift by, hundreds spread out or in crowds. Now here comes a cloud!

From where I sit on the ship's bow, I watch things turn afoul. Dead ahead hangs an ominous black wall, and the afternoon's light gets swiftly smothered out. Slowly descending into the haze, our craft rocks with uneasiness. Just before us, strange dimensions close in.

I can sense the power of this land, with its fiords' magnificent slopes looming through the clouds. Our immense waterway runs like a great grey spine of the Earth. The low rumblings of the ship, and the dark, cold haziness, sends chills down my own spine. This place is so steely grey, dreary, and desolate.

As the night grows humid and heavy, its smoke chokes the horizon. We are diving into the depths of deep darkness. Only the ship's green wake behind us comforts me. It's like a trailing life line, reaching to where we came from. If need be, I could follow it back home.

As I sit here, the rain pelts my face. I can understand how it must perpetually rain here; a world of no sun; a million years of lonely seem.

From the confines of the boat, and its crowded and smoky lounge, comes a companion. The little girl wears only a wee jacket, getting quite drenched too. And from just a shadow, we watch a lone gull desperately trying to reach us. For over one half hour it has tried, but now disappears from our world. Oh, but a little company out there.

Barry Steves

**A Fable**

Two farmers were driving to town when unexpectedly their tractor broke down. Disgruntled, they walked into town and found a mechanic to drive out to their tractor and fix it. As the mechanic laboured at the task, the two sat on the side of the road and told anecdotes of other situations they had gotten into. At first, the mechanic goodnaturedly joined in with their laughter but as time wore on and one pig, cattle or plowing joke followed another, the mechanic found himself wishing they would stop talking or leave. Finally, just as one of the farmers concluded a particularly amusing joke about a stampede of sheep and the two were rolling in the dust guffawing, the mechanic finished his adjustments and stood up. Blinking the tears of laughter from his eyes, one farmer reached into his overalls to extract the mechanic's fee. With a grunt, he apologized;

"I ain't got the money with me but if ya'll accompany me to the farm I kin pay you there."

Frustrated into fury and dreading to be trapped amongst the farmers' jocularity a moment longer, the mechanic replied,

"Forget it, you unrefined louts, I'm going back to town to tell everyone what boors you are."

Which is exactly what he did, leaving the two farmers friendless, persecuted and embittered.

Moral: Farmer Hilarity Breeds Contempt.

C. Rozeboom

**Kings Too**

so they poured out  
for the men to eat  
and it came to pass  
as they were eating  
of their pottage that  
they cried out and said

o thou man of god  
you son of a gun!  
there is death in the pot!

and they could not eat thereof!

transcribed by  
micle modig

**The Misadventures  
of Adolf**

Herbert and Adolf had been friends for several years, so Herbert had no apprehensions when Adolf asked him to go fishing that day. Unaware of lurking danger, Herbert chattered happily in an endless patter throughout the trip while Adolf sat stonily in the driving seat, his pupilless red eyes fixed on the road. They stopped, and as they exited the car, Adolf's tolerant, if somewhat bored, expression hardened into a look of maniacal bloodlust. From a secret pocket built cleverly into his sleeve he pulled out a huge rifle.

"Okay, that's enough," he snarled, saliva dripping from one corner of his mouth.

Herbert was stunned, then strangely calm.

"I knew you were a Nazi pig the moment I saw those beady red eyes of yours. And your Volkswagen. And those t-shirts you wear, the ones with Auschwitz '43 on them," he snarled back, disgust choking his words.

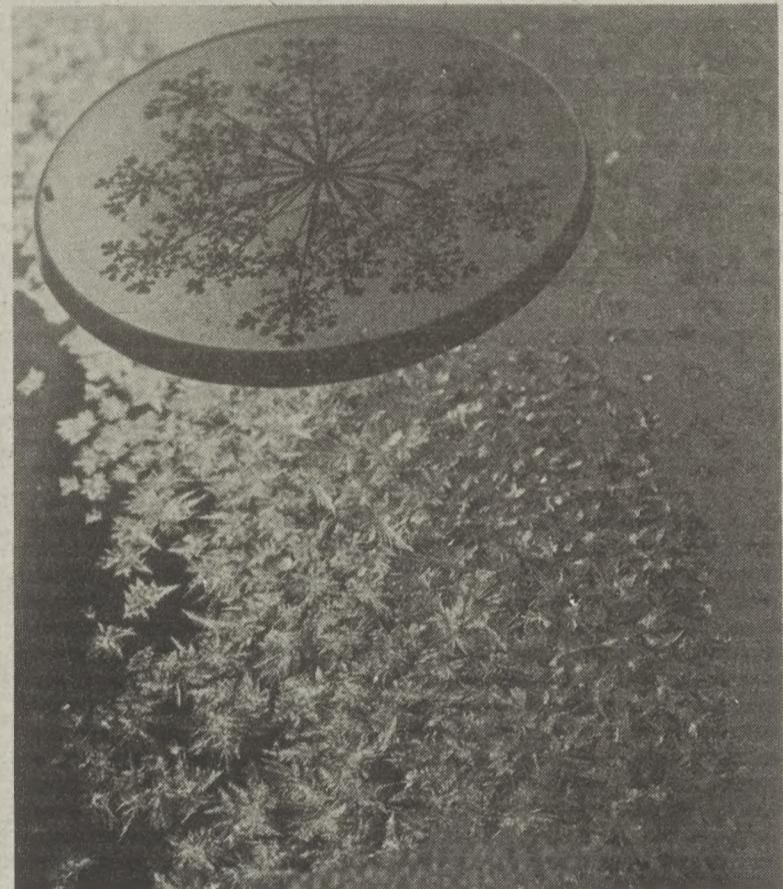
Adolf said nothing, his face barely visible through the clouds of pungent smoke billowing from his nose. Red eyes ablaze, he loosed the bullets and soon Herbert's lead riddled body was being shoved into the taller grasses.

"Heh, heh, heh," Adolf commented in his Nazi way.

He marched briskly on, unmoved by the heinous crime he had just committed.

And then he exploded.

The Lady in Pink



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Dinner & Dance**  
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Tickets: \$20.00 per person

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Students' Union

# 1984/85 Budget Summary and Commentary



The numbers on this page represent the Students' Union's Preliminary Budget for the 1984/85 fiscal year.

The bottom line projects a surplus of \$104,827. This amount, however, is based, somewhat on speculation. For instance, the numbers for S.U.B. Theatre and the Theatre Bar Service are based on budgets which were

not accepted by the Students' Union Executive or any of the boards which dealt with the budgets. A mandate for S.U.B. Theatre had to be worked out and, as a result, new budgets are now being prepared for these areas. These budgets will show a lower deficit for S.U.B. Theatre and a higher contribution for the Theatre Bar Service.

It can be seen quite clearly that the Students' Union is not showing as great a contribution for the 1984-85 fiscal year as we did for the 1983-84 fiscal year. As is the case with any budget, the 1983-84 final totals are based on estimates, which were made in October. Audited financial statements will show an actual contribution of approximately \$225,000.

The recent contract negotiations with the Canadian Union of Public Employees resulted in an across-the-board increase of 3% for all our C.U.P.E. members. This increase amounted to \$45,025. As well, there are numerous other increases in costs due to the slight increase in the consumer price index.

## SERVICES

This year has seen a rejuvenation of student services, due to the stabilization of the Students' Union finances. New services such as Alternative Programming, the Student OmbudService, and the Typing Service are reflections of the Students' Union using its funds to provide students with the type of services they require while attending University. The internal boards which directly fund student organizations (Academic Affairs Board, Administration Board, and External Affairs Board) have also had their budgets increased for the coming fiscal year.

## S.U. FEES

Due to our present financial condition, an increase in student fees for next year was deemed unnecessary. As a result, student fees being allocated to the Students' Union are the same as they were last year. This does not take into account the probable charge of \$4.00 for C.F.S. fees, which are not reflected in this budget.

## CAPITAL

Our major capital expense in the coming year is the planned renovation of Dewey's lounge. A partial renovation is extremely necessary and a large-scale renovation, as planned, will enhance the facility to a greater degree. Furniture in S.U.B. will also be replaced as required. The S.U.B. Building Reserve is being allocated \$150,000 again, as this reserve takes care of the necessary renovations to the building.

## STUDENTS' COUNCIL MEETING

This preliminary budget is being presented to Students' Council tonight, March 27. The meeting is open to all students, and begins at 7 P.M. on the second floor of University Hall. I invite anyone interested in the budget to come by — after all, you own this organization and have a right to express your concerns with regards to its finances.

If you wish to view the budget in its entirety, you are welcome to do so by coming to Room 259, S.U.B.

Overall, I feel that this budget will be reflective of the efficient operation of the Students' Union's business' and services, while, at the same time, making your Students' Union what it should be; students working for students' concerns.

Sincerely

Greg McLean  
V.P. Finance & Administration

		NET	PRELIMINARY	FINAL
		REVENUES	CONTRIBUTION (SUBSIDY)	TOTALS 1984 - 85      1983 - 84
600	Administration	1,460,517	108,419	1,352,098
602	Office Administration	12,000	249,471	( 237,471 )
611	Facilities	284,050	476,646	( 192,596 )
620	Spring/Summer Session	24,453	19,440	5,013      927,044      1,106,220
621	Elections/Referenda	-	21,179	( 21,179 )
622	Students' Council	-	197,803	( 197,803 )
623	A.C.T.	-	8,130	( 8,130 )
624	Alternative Program.	10,000	23,705	( 13,705 )
625	Ombudsman	-	8,887	( 8,887 )      ( 249,704 )      ( 204,422 )
710	Bar Service (Dinwoodie)	24,000	22,043	1,957
711	S.O.R.S.E.	45,297	55,397	( 10,100 )
712	Student Help	9,350	12,682	( 3,332 )
714	Housing and Transport	-	958	( 958 )
715	Entertainment	360,420	348,986	11,434
716	Exam Registry	18,094	21,684	( 3,590 )
717	Housing Registry	15,980	21,410	( 5,430 )
718	Typing Service	19,001	22,185	( 3,184 )      ( 13,203 )      ( 25,795 )
719	Academic Affairs Bd.	-	25,500	( 25,500 )
720	Administration Bd.	-	12,000	( 12,000 )
721	External Affairs Bd.	-	15,000	( 15,000 )
722	Brody Funding Bd.	-	11,500	( 11,500 )      ( 64,000 )      ( 59,341 )
730	CJSR	55,750	69,290	( 13,540 )
731	Airtight	16,800	16,740	60
741	Blotter	4,400	3,382	1,018
742	Gateway/Media	180,050	193,167	( 13,117 )
743	Photodirectorate	-	9,120	( 9,120 )
744	Handbook	36,050	27,405	8,645      ( 26,054 )      ( 251,124 )
805	Copy Centre	11,750	15,476	( 3,726 )      ( 3,726 )      ( 5,018 )
832	R.A.T.T.	245,062	200,738	44,324
834	Dewey's	321,724	277,988	43,736
835	L'Express	246,840	219,811	27,029      115,089      161,081
821	SUB Games	123,505	57,622	65,883
841	SU Records	700,000	673,825	26,175
861	Store Plus More	261,100	254,086	7,014      99,072      91,753
	B of G Capital Grant			784,518      1,039,354
	Universiade Rent & Matching Grant			6,000
	Proceeds From Asset Disposals			140,000
	Less: Mortgage Payment			10,000
	Contribution After Mortgage			( 254,861 )      ( 246,198 )
	Less: Capital Surplus - SUB			529,657      949,156
	Capital-Equipment Reserve			( 60,870 )      ( 352,330 )
	SUB Building Reserve			( 92,575 )      ( 45,210 )
	Negotiated Salary Increase			( 150,000 )      ( 150,000 )
	Contribution Excluding Theatre & Bar			( 45,025 )
	Service - After Capital Appropriations			181,187      401,616
811	Theatre	237,705	315,200	( 77,495 )      ( 77,495 )      ( 11,865 )
836	Bar Service (Theatre)	5,320	4,185	1,135      1,135      5,211
	Contribution Before Anticipated Amendments			104,827      394,959

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